THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

FOR

JUNE, 1807.

From the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

TRAVELLING through the U.States of America, a *foreigner*, but not a stranger, and solicitous to make accurate remarks, that he might draw correct inferences, the delineator of the Picture of Boston confides in the *accuracy of his outline*, and that the individual features he has portrayed *closely resemble the original*; however the tints may fail in felicity of colouring, or be considered deficient in the distribution of light and shadow. The painter has, at least, *seen and studied* what he describes, and, *at the present moment*, having in his design nothing beyond a sketch, true in character, though possibly deficient in finishing, as such it is presented for engraving to The Port Folio: happy in being given to the American world through the medium of a publication which would confer honour, and obtain patronage, in any country where letters are appreciated and native talents estimated, beyond the adventitious acquirement of wealth, and the assumed aristocracy of its vulgar pretensions.

CARADOC.

PICTURE OF BOSTON.

A FRAGMENT.

BOSTON, thou mart admir'd whose prosperous care
To *Mammon* breathes the vow, and pours the prayer,
Whose throng'd Exchange, to *christian jews* a prey,
Scares the kind hope of liberal trade away;
GOLD is thy GOD, on that thy soul relies,
Beneath whose worship every virtue dies,
Hence the hush'd banker, scorning to relent,
Till his stor'd coffer teem with cent per cent.
Sees the cramm'd usurer, doubling every claim,
Lend to the struggling wretch his CAUTIONED name.

* * * * *

Yet fair thy hills, in summer pride are seen,
The bright stream curling mid their slopes of green,
While the near ocean, broadening on the view,
Gives all *Pheacia* sought or *Carthage* knew.
Even MAN, whose mind the stamp of wisdom bears,
And in the image of a God appears,
Those "sons of soul," by heaven to earth resign'd,
Friends! patrons! and instructors of mankind!
Even these are seen mid severing clouds to shine,
And all the splendour of their fame is thine.

Beneath thy temple's holiest veil retired,
See the blest preacher, by his God inspir'd,
Warm from his lips the words of life descend,
Yet these the coldness of neglect attend.
Though *Kirkland* all the lore of truth disclose,
And *Lowell's* heavenly voice instructive flows,
M'Kean, of feeling heart, with soul refin'd,
Rich in the glowing energies of mind,
Powerful, yet mild as the transcendent light,
That radiant rules those speaking orbs of sight;
With him so loved—*the wanderer from thy clime*—
Ere his green years had bloom'd in manhood's prime,

In judgment ripen'd, and in thought mature,
His doctrine, like his sacred morals pure,
Though *Gardiner*, SON OF GENIUS, round the shrine
Of pastoral care the Muse's chaplet twine,
Say, can these bid the narrowing heart unfold,
Or show its hope a heaven more prized than gold ?

Within thy courts while Law and Justice reign,
While Learning lends to Truth the impressive strain.
Seen are thy tradeful sons ; but Genius pines,
For him no favouring ray of fortune shines,
Though as her *Mansfield*, Britain's noblest claim,
Thy *Parsons* blends his glories with thy name,
In all the patriot pride to *Sparta* known,
Lives to thy interest, mindless of his own,
Though classick *Gore* the honour'd robe adorn,
And *Otis* rises, like a vernal morn,
Clear, brilliant, sweet, in Nature's gifts array'd,
Where not a cloud obtrudes its devious shade,
Though *Dexter*, with the strength of reason fraught,
On the charm'd *forum* pour the depth of thought,
While still, with speaking gaze, or starting tear,
Admiring crowds the *peerless pleader* hear,
A Nation's honour, and a Party's shame*
Breathes in his voice, and blushes in his fame.
So GALILEO, mid a world of night,
Rose, like a sun, in mental treasures bright,
Rich in the rays that powerful genius spread
Where favour'd Florence lifts her blooming head ;

Deaf as her hills, and ruder far than they,
Triumphant Folly bore the prize away,
Falsehood and Envy, to her mandate true,
With stormy breath each ripening hope pursue,
Cloud following cloud, yet Truth eternal shone,
Till Time and Glory made his fame their own.

* * * * *

Since these are thine, IMPERIAL BOSTON, say,
Does rich reward their mental wealth repay ?
Or *phantom* honours, and *reluctant* praise
Light without warmth the desert of their days ?
Or SLANDER, Envy's child, with busied care.
From the fine front its graceful laurel tear,
Striving, unbless'd, to wreath the serpent there ?
Shame on the heartless hope, in vain appear
The smiles, that brighten round thy varied year,
Though kind the culture of thy ample plain,
And rich the isles, that gem its circling main,
Though where thy streets in pillar'd pomp are seen,
The proud hill mingling with its rural green,
Wins every breeze that floats on zephyr-wing,
Health and her lightly-warbled song to bring,
Though the lov'd *Mall* each touching feature show,
And warm with life in moving landscapes glow,
These but the drapery of a form arise,
Where the mind palsies, and the feeling dies.
Few, and unpriz'd thy *sons of science* rove,
No eye to gladden, and no heart to move,
While every Muse, with heaven-instructed strain,
Would wake the harp or woo the lute in vain ;
GENIUS, THOU GIFT OF GOD, to thee belong
The base man's insult, and the oppressor's wrong !

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* *A Party's shame*, must be understood as bearing particular allusion to the result of a late trial, which party malice, first rendering political, failed not to pursue with the rancour of personal abuse and injustice.

Nor thine the boast, that prosperous trade bestows,
Ne'er to thy hope the golden Indus flows,
But thine that *poverty* to heaven allied,*
That meek Disdain, which Virtue lends to Pride,
Though sunk to earth, thy soft imploring eye
See many a *Levite* pass unheeded by,
Conscious of innate worth, not *Mockery*'s wile,

—

* *Blessed be ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of heaven,* says the MOST SUBLIME OF ALL AUTHORITIES.

Nor chill *Neglect*, nor *Wealth*'s contemptuous smile,
Nor *Pity*'s vaunting sneer, nor *Envy*'s frown
Are known to BEAR THE UNBLIGHTED SPIRIT DOWN.
Pensive thy solitary sufferers seem,
The sport of Fortune, yet of Fame the theme.
Vain were to them the venal world's regard
WITH HEAVEN THEIR HOPE, AND NATURE THEIR REWARD.

* * * * *

CARADOC.

OBSERVATIONS.

WE insert from the Port Folio the preceding lines and prefatory remarks, not, as the judicious will readily see, from any claim of merit in either their object or execution; still less from a wish to increase the mortification of those, our beloved and respected townsmen, who have had the misfortune to be made the subjects of this Caradoc's praise. But our sense of justice will not permit such gross and groundless aspersions to circulate concerning a city, deserving very different treatment from truth and genius. It neither excites our pity nor restrains our indignation, that these miserable calumnies are crutched upon rhyme, and hobble about, in the measures of poetry, stilted, but not elevated. Caradoc is not the first, who has mistaken *lying* for a liberty of Parnassus, and used the free air of that region, as though he were thereby released from all restraints of decency and of morals. The '*quidlibet audendi*,' however, which the Roman poet claims for his tribe, has, according to his own concession, many limitations; and among these, not the least, is a scrupulous observance of truth and of nature—

Veras hinc ducere voces.

Nor does he make any exception in favour of lines such as Caradoc's, though he expressly speaks of this species of poetry

—Versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.

In this 'Picture of Boston,' as it is called, its inhabitants are represented in some uncommon degree the slaves of avarice, and its 'tradeful sons' 'without other hope than gold,' are said to suffer genius and worth to pine in poverty and neglect; having neither the sense to prize, nor the spirit to contribute, to the encouragement of individual merit, or of general science.

Had this '*picture*' possessed merely the merit of *caricature*, it should not by us have been made the subject of reprimand. It should even have received our welcome. We require not from the satirist any nice discrimination in apportioning chastisement to guilt. We only demand, that the vice, or the foible, exist in the individual, he selects; and *that also in a degree somewhat peculiar*. In the particular, on account of which he is brought under the lash, he must be really deficient, something be-

low, not that scale of ideal perfection, we can imagine, but the ordinary standard of that class of beings, to which he belongs. If the asperities of Caradoc had been justified by any such general considerations, we should not have censured lines, which truth would never have permitted us to praise. In the belief that his design was honourable, we should not have disturbed its repose in that page, which was at once its cradle and its grave, nor have exposed a second time to any mortal eye his flaccid muscle ; poorly propped as it is by ill concealed fragments, pilfered from real poets.

It is our duty, however, not to permit the metropolis of New-England to be thus wantonly calumniated. We should deem ourselves guilty of a failure in moral obligation, if we allowed to pass without comment, assertions, of the falsity of which we have almost daily evidence. We pretend not that the practice of our fellow citizens has reached that extreme limit of liberality, beyond which neither religion nor morals urge men to advance. Imperfect in its best estate is all human virtue. Rarely does wealth discharge the debt it owes to benevolence, without much mean defalcation. Here, as well as elsewhere, the ignoble passions throw many obstacles in the way of voluntary bounty. The stream of individual munificence is not always in proportion to the waters in the fountain. Some men, like lakes in deep vallies, receive all the bounties of heaven, and the rich tribute of every neighbouring hill, yet 'cream and mantle,' in selfish fullness, stagnate with unproductive accumulation ; yield nothing to the general prosperity ; and circulate the blessings they possess, not enough to promote healthful action in their own system ; others, like springs on some mountain's top, swell in perpetual overflowings, and gladden with their timely dispensations, all the sphere beneath their influence. Diversities such as these, are inseparable from every association of human beings. From general infirmities we neither pretend to be exempt, nor do we deem their existence the just occasion of satire or of censure. The weakness of our common nature is the proper subject for ingenuous lamentation ; and ought to be the frequent topick of friendly admonition, and of fraternal warning. But the harsh discipline of the satirist is due, solely, to flagrant offenders ; to such as sink below the general standard ; to such as, more than ordinarily, abuse their means, or neglect their opportunities. It is in this view that we pronounce the work, we have above transcribed, to be both false and malignant. Because the most ordinary inquiry would have led its author to a very different result. It would have taught him, that, *in the liberal appropriation of individual wealth to purposes of general utility, whether the object be charity, or piety, or literature, in proportion to its wealth and its numbers, the town of Boston need not shrink from a comparison with any proud, pretending city, in this, or in any other country.* This is not the language of ostentation. We utter it reluctantly. The virtues, of which we speak, take no delight in blazoning. It is the charm of their character to be

Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retired.

Something, however, is due to justice, and to that sense of reputation, which we should cherish, scarcely less in a collection, than in an individual capacity. The

common rules of delicacy must be made to yield to higher obligations, when a whole city is holden up to contempt, as destitute of virtues and dispositions, in which, to say the least, it is as abundant as in any similar associations. When we assert this, we do not mean to allege an equality with others in all those great and general establishments, which belong rather to state institution, than to local patronage. We are neither blind to the deficiencies of this part of our country, nor do we wish to extenuate them. Nor shall we pretend that other places may not excel this, in the splendid fruits of some accidental benevolence. The virtue, or the vanity of an individual, may surpass the common standard of his countrymen, and lay the foundation of institutions beyond the reach or the thought of their ordinary benevolence. Such establishments are the evidences of the good fortune of a city, not the criterion of the liberality of its inhabitants. This is evidenced by the facility and the amount with which its citizens contribute voluntarily, towards any object of a general nature, aloof from the considerations of ostentation and of interest. In such spontaneous benefactions, however far our citizens may fall short of their duty, they are surpassed by the examples of those of few cities, if of any, in proportion to their ability.

There is something singularly left-handed in the insolent malignity of this Caradoc. According to him, '*the christian Jews on our exchange*,' '*our tradeful sons*' are, by their temper and conduct, the sources of all the neglect, which genius and science are said, here, to experience. Now, strange as it may appear, after the utterance of such a gross calumny, the class of men, here alluded to, our merchants, are the distinguished patrons of both, and in a degree too, that entitles them to any thing else rather than to reproach. In all projects of a publick nature they yield to no class of citizens in zeal, and invariably exceed all in the amount of their pecuniary patronage. Voluntary contributions, for purposes of general utility, are made from the mass of the citizens of this metropolis, with a facility, a frequency, and to an extent we fear in few places equalled, and we believe in none exceeded.

With these facts, long familiar to our honest pride and grateful reflection, is it wonderful that we should feel indignant at such groundless aspersions, and should repel them with disdain, especially when they are levelled not only at our city, but also at that particular class, which deserves to be the theme of panegyrick, rather than the object of obloquy? We could support these general allegations by a recapitulation of sums and of occasions in all aspects honourable to the benevolent spirit of our city. We shall refer, however, at present, only to two instances, which we select not because they reflect more honour upon our citizens, than among others within our recollection; but because each has the patronge of literature for its object, and because both place in a strong light the wantonness of this Caradoc's abuse. It is now about eighteen months since a professorship of natural history was established at the university in this neighbourhood, by the voluntary subscription of liberal individuals, and the amount thus raised exceeded *thirty thousand dollars*. FOUR FIFTHS, AS WELL OF THE AMOUNT SUBSCRIBED, AS OF THE NUMBER OF

SUBSCRIBERS, WERE MERCHANTS OF THIS METROPOLIS. Again, within the year past, nearly *fifty thousand dollars* have been raised, also by voluntary subscription, for a literary establishment called *The Athenæum.* Again the patronage of our merchants yielded an equal proportion of support to this, as to the former institution. We repeat, that these, thus cited by us, are not solitary instances of such honourable dispositions. We do not believe that the evidences of the benevolence of our citizens, exhibited within the last two years, exceed, in amount, those of many similar preceding periods. Solicitors of contributions for purposes of piety, or charity, or learning, has set almost annually in a current to this metropolis, with a swiftness indicative, certainly, not of a disbelief in the liberality of its inhabitants. If in relation to such voluntary contributions, any blame attaches to our city, we are proud to say, it is not so much the want of a disposition to yield bounty, as of discrimination as to the objects of it. We have indeed sometimes thought, that our citizens, especially those most liberally disposed, have listened with too much facility to sturdy applicants. To have come a great way to solicit benevolence, has been, perhaps, a little too readily thought to give a title to it. Unfortunately for this metropolis, the charity of its citizens has *neither begun at home, nor ended there.* The sums, which, within fifteen years past, have flowed from this city in charities, to distant parts of the union, and of the world, would, if expended in domestick endowments, have raised here many of those noble and useful establishments which do so much honour to other cities, in which there has prevailed a more concentrated liberality. We mean not to condemn the principle, which led to these distant benefactions; but we may be permitted to rejoice, when we see benevolence beginning at length to bless those of its own household. After the fountain of charity has played so long and so lavishly on places *afar off*, watering the wildernesses of the east, of the west, and of the south, at one time throwing no mean stream beyond the Alleghanies, at another refreshing the very top of the Alps, we surely may be indulged in congratulating our fellow citizens, when with a more common, and not less honourable benevolence, it begins to enrich its own vicinity; and in expressing the hope, that by *bounty to ourselves*, we may soon gain that character for liberality, which a less selfish and less obtrusive charity never did and never will command from mankind.

As to that other intimation given by Caradoc, that the individuals he has named, are '*chilled with neglect*,' and meet '*wealth's contemptuous smile*,' we know not from what bedlam this maniack has escaped. Instead of ruminating and grazing at large on Parnassus, without shackle or clog on any of his feet, he claims from his friends the stern discipline, and the strait waistcoat of the cells.

> Danda est ellebori multo pars maxima—
> Nessio an Anticiram ratio *illi* destinet omnem.

The truth is, that those '*neglected*' and '*contemned*' gentlemen, are among the most respected and cherished of our citizens. Those of the bar, whom he has named, rank among the wealthy, and some of them among the most opulent; and they have all received from their fellow citizens whatever hon-

ours, in the present state of society, are within their power to bestow. If genius and merit excite the venom of envious and malignant spirits, is this fault peculiar to this city ?

Is not such the common fate of distinguished men in all ages and in all places ?

As to those of our clergy, whom this writer has drawn into notice, nothing can be more unfortunate than his selection of instances of '*worth neglected*,' and of '*genius insulted*.' He could have scarcely named more distinguished objects of the love and esteam of their fellow citizens, or have designated any who are in the habit of receiving more frequent, or *more liberal* evidences of their affection and reverence. They are men honoured in publick life for their talents, and in private life for their virtues. The guides of our wisest, the companions of our happiest hours—Venerated both because they are leaders, and because they are examples.

We have thought it becoming in us to state these truths, concerning a city thus openly and wantonly assailed. To pass by a calumny so publickly uttered, without some comment, seemed to us like giving it, in some degree, a silent sanction.

To have noticed it, in the style of common criticism, would have done justice neither to the author, nor to the subject of the verse.

In all ages and nations, writers like Caradoc have the language of scorn and detestation for an inheritance.

..... Solutos
Qui captat risus hominum famamque dicacis
Fingere qui non visa potest—
....hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane, caveto.

For the Anthology.

ORIGINAL LETTERS

From an AMERICAN TRAVELLER IN EUROPE to his friends in this country.

LETTER SIXTH.

Florence, February 15, 1805.

MY DEAR SISTER,

THE Roman poets had more colour for placing the palaces of the Gods of the Winds in caverns, than I once believed. Virgil's description of the cave of Æolus is one of the most whimsical efforts of human fancy, which I ever read. He represents the deity as confining the winds in bags, and letting them out, as occasion might require, as a retailer would a bushel of peas. I find, however, that he had some ground to believe, that the winds had their origin in the bowels of the earth. On the road from Rome to this city, between Nami and Terni, you pass the little town of Cesis or Cesium, an ancient village, romantically situated at the foot of a rocky mountain, which appears to threaten it with destruction. From the center of this mountain, thro' certain apertures or caverns, issues constantly a pure, cold, refreshing wind, so extremely grateful in this warm climate, that the inhabitants convey it in pipes like water, to their cellars, to moderate the heat of their climate, and to preserve their wines and fruit.

A few miles on this side of Foligno you pass the little town of

Assisi, famous throughout Italy, France, and Spain, as the birth-place of St. Francis. If it had been your good fortune to have been born in a Roman Catholick (or, as they say, a *Christian*) country, I should have no occasion to explain to you what St. Francis has done to render his birth-place an object of so much interest; but as you have not had that happiness, I must inform you, that St. Francis was the founder of that extensive, rigid, self-mortifying order, called Franciscans. If I should recur to Catholick legends for the works of this extraordinary saint, who was canonized before his death, I should recount a succession of miracles far greater and more astonishing, than any which our Saviour or his apostles thought proper to perform. I should tell you of his having preached to swallows, and of his having made a woman out of snow, and a thousand other tales, the recital of which would be only a repetition of the many proofs of human folly and credulity. But what he did in fact perform, worthy of astonishment, was to institute, at the age of twenty-five years, an order of monks the most rigid; and by his talents, zeal, and real or affected piety, to render it so popular, as that, in ten years after its foundation, it deputed five thousand brethren to a general convention at Rome, besides the vast numbers who remained in the convents. This order was instituted in 1209, and has subsisted in full force from that period to the present, except in France. There are supposed to be at the present time forty or fifty thousand monks of this order.

These men lead a life of great severity and mortification even at the present day. I do not believe the tales, which are generally propagated of their extreme licentiousness. That there are bad men in their society, as in all others, cannot be doubted; but as the smallest deviations from propriety, are noticed in men who lay claim to a character of extraordinary sanctity; as we feel shocked to see men, who have separated themselves from the rest of mankind, for the performance of sacred functions, acting only with what we should call *levity* in other men, it is very extraordinary that these religious orders should have retained so large a share of publick respect. Generally speaking, the Capuchins, Franciscans, and other religious orders, are still looked up to with respect, and, in some instances, veneration. They certainly have fewer temptations than other men; they are secluded, generally, from objects which allure the senses, and inflame the passions. They are occupied more than one half of their time, by night as well as by day, in acts of devotion; and I will not think so ill of human nature, as to believe, that such habits have no tendency to purify the heart, and amend the morals, even if they are not performed with the most correct views and impressions.

In the severest weather these monks *go bare-headed;* they have no stockings, and only a sandal on the bottom of the foot. Their dress consists of a coarse woolen robe, without any linen under it to defend the skin. In their convents they admit but little light—Their windows never look towards the busy world—Their cells are small, and their chief ornaments are a crucifix and a human skull. Go in at any hour, which you can do freely and without notice, and you will usually find them at their devotions. They abstain from all

animal food. Towards their fellow men they are meek and humble. They assume no airs from the respectability and wealth of their order. They still preserve the ancient employment of mendicity, and the habit of begging alms has no tendency to inflame human pride. It will occur to you, no doubt, to ask, what motives have these men thus to mortify themselves, and to lead so abstemious a life, in countries where the doctrines of religion do not inculcate it as *necessary* to salvation?

In the first institution of the order, they were impelled by that enthusiasm, which sectaries invariably discover; by a desire of aggrandizing their order, and that esprit du corps, inseparable from all associations of men, more especially religious establishments.

The age in which it originated was filled with enthusiasm and superstition. Crusades, pilgrimages, and self-mortification were considered the surest roads to heaven. Since these motives, which produced and favoured the order, have ceased to operate, others less violent, but uniform and steady, have succeeded.

The orders are now wealthy and powerful; they possess the finest edifices in Europe; the noblest churches; the most romantick spots; the choicest lands; the most valuable rents. They possess every thing, which can gratify the taste or ambition of man. The Carthusians at Naples lately made a present to the *king*, of 60,000 dollars, out of their annual revenues.

To be a member of such powerful bodies, even on the condition of personal mortification and self-denial, is gratifying to human pride. Another powerful principle in human nature, operates in favour of these establishments; I mean the love of idleness. The revenues of the convent afford a certain, and never-failing subsistence; but the most powerful operating principle in favour of entering these orders, is ambition. It is one of the roads to ecclesiastical preferment, and the only one which is open to the common people in these countries.

Honours, rank, and office, are here confined to privileged orders, except in the case of ecclesiastical dignities, and even there in point of *fact*, the exclusion of the lower classes is nearly as perfect. But by a principle adopted in the apostolick chamber, there must be four cardinals out of seventy, taken from the religious orders, or monks. Though the chance is so very small, yet as each order can boast of having given a Pope to Christendom, and as they are always represented in the college of cardinals, there is sufficient to keep alive the hopes of the most humble, and to stimulate the powerful and inextinguishable spark of ambition. Thousands, to be sure, die simple monks, and breathe their last sighs in greasy cowls, within the cells of their convent; but one happy brother is ornamented with purple stockings, and clothed in fine linen; and his rare good fortune is a sufficient nutriment for new-born hopes in his whole order, and becomes a new source of general expectation.—This principle is not confined to the monks of Italy; we see it operating in our own political affairs. The most humble of our common people are more actuated by personal ambition, than we are apt to imagine. The chances appear to be small, to be sure, in favour of any particular dunce; but the success of one such calf-killer as Sloane, or the Roxbury patriot,

kindles ardent hopes in the breasts of thousands of their bloody brethren of the knife. No delay, no want of success, should discourage the truly ambitious patriot. He should reflect that if like —— he has toiled twenty years, meeting with nothing but disaster and disgrace ; like him too, he may, to the astonishment of all his friends, one day display the *graces of his person* in the chair of state ; or the charms of his eloquence at the court of St. Cloud, or in the purlieus of the Escurial.

In the road from Rome to this city, we passed the lake of Perugia, better known to scholars as the lake of Thrasymene, on the borders of which Hannibal defeated the Roman consul Flaminius, and when, if he had pursued his victory, and marched directly to Rome, it is probable Rome would have shared the fate which she afterwards brought upon Carthage. This battle has been so well described by different writers, and the ground taken by the respective generals, so accurately pointed out, that a traveller can easily discern upon the spot, not only how the battle was fought, but why it was lost. It is, however, a matter of astonishment to every man of sense, who views the ground, how a Roman general, acquainted with the country, could have suffered himself to be drawn into a spot where defeat was certain. At the same time it is impossible not to admire the talents of the Carthaginian general, who, in a foreign country, on land to which and to whose defiles he must have been till that time a stranger, could have contrived to draw or cajole an enemy into a position so fatal. —The lake of Thrasymene is, I should judge, about fifteen miles wide, and forty long. On the east side it is surrounded by the Appennines, which, at two points not very far distant from each other, approach the lake in such a manner, as to form two very narrow defiles between the mountains and the lake. Between these two points the hills recede in such manner, as to form a large bason or plain of about ten miles square, and which is completely environed on the north, east, and south, by the Appennines, and on the west by the lake, with only two narrow passages by the abovementioned defiles.

Hannibal allured or seduced the Roman general into this contracted bason ; seized the heights, and attacking him in flank, presented detachments of his army at the defiles to prevent his escape. Possessing the mountain tops by a numerous and well disciplined soldiery, he poured down on the heads of the wretched Romans, like an irresistible torrent. Death by water, or the sword of the Africans, was the only alternative presented to them. Never were the masters of the world so humbled, or the fate of their nation so endangered, which must be my apology for introducing so bloody a subject to a lady.—The revenge which the Romans took for this battle, I have stated to you in a letter which I wrote describing my tour along the Adriatic, on the shores of which Asdrubal, the brother of Hannibal, was completely defeated, and the general himself fell a victim to the conquerors.

Although I think that Americus Vespucius has very unfairly stolen the honour of the discovery of America, to which Columbus is certainly entitled, in the same manner that John Faust stole from his master, Laurentius Coster, the discovery of the art of printing ; yet

as he is the locum tenens of that honour, and passes with the world as such, I had a great curiosity to see his tomb, which is in this city. He was a Florentine, and his tomb is placed in the church of Ogni Senti, or All Saints, belonging to the Franciscans.

There is no parade about it. It is a simple, circular piece of marble, let into the floor of the church. and either so obliterated or imperfect, that I cannot make out the date. I wish our literary friends to solve the doubt, as I give you the inscription precisely as it now is :—

S Amerigho Vespucio Posterisq, .
Suis
M LXXI.

You will see by the above, that the Italians called him Amerigus, and not Americus. Why our literary men have changed it in translation, I know not. It is true, that the Italians render the Roman C often by G, but this was not a Latin nor Roman but an Italian name, and the Italian *G* sounds precisely like our own. I cannot see the reason why we do not call the pretended discoverer of America, Amerighus instead of Americus. I think it very likely that I shall shew my ignorance by this remark, but I really wish to be informed myself, upon the point, and to state to you, who are as little informed, the fact, that the pretended discoverer of our country was, in his own town, called as I have above stated.

Yours, &c.

From the General Magazine.

CHARACTER

OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM PITT,

WRITTEN BY THE RIGHT HON. G. CANNING.

The character of this illustrious Statesman early passed its ordeal. Scarcely had he attained the age at which reflection commences, than Europe with astonishment beheld him filling the first place in the Councils of his Country, and managing the vast mass of its concerns, with all the vigour and steadiness of the most matured Wisdom. Dignity—Strength—Discretion—these were among the masterly qualities of his mind at its first dawn. He had been nurtured a Statesman, and his knowledge was of that kind which always lay ready for practical application. Not dealing in the subtleties of abstract politicks, but moving in the slow, steady procession of Reason, his conceptions were reflective, and his views correct. Habitually attentive to the concerns of Government, he spared no pains to acquaint himself with whatever was connected, however minutely, with its prosperity. He was devoted to the State. Its interest engrossed all his study, and engaged all his care. It was the element alone in which he seemed to live and move. He allowed himself but little recreation from his labours. His Mind was always on its station, and its activity was unremitted.

He did not hastily adopt a measure, nor hastily abandon it. The plan struck out by him for the preservation of Europe, was the result of prophetick wisdom and profound policy. But, though defeat-

ed in many respects by the selfish ambition and short-sighted imbecility of foreign Powers—whose rulers were too venal or too weak to follow the flight of that mind which would have taught them to outwing the storm—the policy involved in it has still a secret operation on the conduct of surrounding states. His plans were full of energy, and the principles which inspired them, looked beyond the consequences of the hour.

In a period of change and convulsion the most perilous in the history of Great Britain, when Sedition stalked abroad, and when the emissaries of France, and the abettors of her Regicide Factions formed a league powerful from their number, and formidable by their talent—in that awful crisis—the promptitude of his measures saved his Country.

He knew nothing of that timid and wavering cast of mind which dares not abide by its own decision. He never suffered popular prejudice or party clamour to turn him aside from any measure which his deliberate judgment had adopted. He had a proud reliance on himself, and it was justified. Like the sturdy warriour leaning on his own battle-axe, conscious where his strength lay, he did not readily look beyond it.

As a Debater in the House of Commons, his speeches were logical and argumentative; if they did not often abound in the graces of metaphor, or sparkle with the brilliancy of wit, they were always animated—elegant—and classical. The strength of his oratory was intrinsick, it presented the rich and abundant resource of a clear discernment and a correct taste. His speeches are stampt with inimitable marks of orlginality. When replying to his opponents, his readiness was not more conspicuous than his energy. He was always prompt, and always dignified. He could sometimes have recourse to the sportiveness of irony, but he did not often seek any other aid than was to be derived from an arranged and extensive knowledge of his subject. This qualified him fully to discuss the arguments of others, and forcibly to defend his own. Thus armed, it was rarely in the power of his adversaries, mighty as they were, to beat him from the field. His Eloquence occasionally rapid—electrick—and vehement—was always chaste—winning—and persuasive—not awing into acquiescence, but arguing into conviction. His understanding was bold and comprehensive. Nothing seemed too remote for its reach, or too large for its grasp.

Unallured by dissipation, and unswayed by pleasure, he never sacrificed the National Treasure to the one, or the National Interest to the other. To his unswerving integrity, the most authentick of all testimony is to be found, in that unbounded publick confidence, which followed him throughout the whole of his political career.

Absorbed, as he was, in the pursuits of publick life, he did not neglect to prepare himself in silence for that higher destination, which is at once the incentive and reward of human virtue. His talents, superiour and splendid as they were, never made him forgetful of that Eternal Wisdom from which they emanated. The faith and fortitude of his last moments, were affecting and exemplary.

In his forty-seventh year, and in the meridian of his Fame, he died on the 23d of January, 1806.

For the Anthology.

SILVA, No. 28.

'Ubi tu dubites, quid sumas potissimum.'

PSALMANAZAR.

At the commencement of this pretended Formosan's vagrant life, he was unable to purchase a pilgrim's garb; but observing one in a chapel dedicated to a miraculous saint, which had been set up as a monument of gratitude by some wandering pilgrim, he contrived to take both the staff and cloak away; and being thus accoutred, begged his way in fluent latin, accosting only clergymen or people of distinction; whom he found so generous and credulous, that before he had gone twenty miles he might easily have saved money, and put himself in a better dress. But as soon as he had got what he thought sufficient, he begged no more, but viewed every thing worth seeing, and then retiring to an inn, spent his money as freely as he had obtained it. Having heard the Jesuits speak much of China and Japan, he started the wild scheme, when in Germany, of passing for a native of the island of Formosa; and what he wanted in knowledge he supplied by a pregnant invention. He formed a new character and language, on grammatical principles, which, like other oriental languages, he wrote from right to left, with great facility; and planned a new religion, and division of the year into twenty months, with other novelties to credit his pretensions. He was now a Japanese convert to christianity, travelling for instruction, with an appearance more wretched than even common beggars. He then entered as a soldier in the Dutch service; but still desirous of passing for a Japanese, he altered his plan to that of being an unconverted heathen. And at Sluys brigadier Lander, a Scotch colonel, introduced him to the chaplain, who, with a view of recommending himself to the bishop of London, resolved to carry him over to England. At Rotterdam some shrewd persons, having put questions to him which carried the air of doubt, he took one more whimsical step, and confined himself to eating only raw flesh, roots, and herbs, by which he thought to remove all scruples. The bishop of London patronised him with credulous humanity, and Psalmanazar found a large circle of friends who extolled him as a prodigy. Yet were there some, who entertained a just opinion of him; but their endeavours to expose him as a cheat, only made others to think better of him, especially as Drs. Mead, Dalley, Woodward, &c.(the most zealous against him) were not esteemed the greatest admirers of revelation. But in this instance easiness of belief was no great proof of penetration. He was employed to translate the church catechism into the Formosan language, which was examined, approved, and laid up as a valuable MS.; and the author, after writing his well known *History of Formosa*, was rewarded, and sent to Oxford to study what he liked, while his patrons and opponents were learnedly disputing at London on the merits of his work. The very learned members of the university were no better agreed in their opinions, than those at

London. But at length the scepticks triumphed. Some absurdities were detected in his 'history,' too gross to render a declaration of his imposture necessary; but this at length he owned to his private friends; and after supporting himself several years by the labours of his pen, he died in 1763.

—

TASSO.

Tasso's description of Rinaldo's dalliance with Armida, is inimitably fine.

Ella dinanza al petto ha il vel diviso,
E'l crin sparge incomposto al vento estivo;
Langue per vezzo, e'l suo infiammato, viso
Fan. biancheggiando; bei sudor più vivo.
Qual raggio in onda, le scintilla un riso
Negli umidi occhi tremulo e laschivo.
Sovra lui pende; ed ei nel grembo molle
Le posa il capo, e'l volto al volto attolle;
* * * * *
E i famelici sguardi avidamente
In lei pascendo, si consuma e strugge.
S'inchina, e i dolci baci ella sovente
Liba or dagli occhi, e dalle labbra or sugge;
Ed en quel punto ei sospirar si sente
Profondo si che pensi or l' alma fugge,
En lei trapassa peregrina, &c.

—

MACBETH.

Many parts of this tragedy, requiring more elucidation, than others elaborately *explained* by the commentators, have been left untouched.

Boëtius, *from* whom Hollingshed, and *through* whom Shakspeare took his facts, is a lying historian.

Sc. II.

'*The merciless Macdonwald*,' or *Macdonevald*, *Donevald*, now *Mc Dowell*, was the chief of the people in Galloway, generally making inroads on their countrymen; the phrase is still common among them, '*the wild Scots of Galloway*.' May not this insurrection have been that of the Gallovidians? The *Hebrides* were the *Norwegian*.

—'*But the Norweyan lord*.'—This invasion took place several years after Macdoneval's insurrection.

'*Till that Bellona's bridegroom*.'—Bellona's bridegroom means Macbeth, *any thing in the volumes of the commentators to the contrary notwithstanding*.

'*Lapt in proof*,'—perhaps 'proof of shot,' like Orlando Furioso, &c.

Sc. III.

'*And like a rat without a tail*.'—See king James's 'Demonologiæ,' where it is said, the *warlocks*, or male witches, in transformation can retain their tails; the females neither do nor can, '*causa*,' &c. When the devil honours the assembly with a visit, he carries the candle under his tail, as the witch, examined before king James, confessed on trial.

'*And yet your beards forbid*.'—Women in this part of Scotland discovering a beard were instantly accused of being bewitched.

'*Hail to thee thane of Glamis*.'—*Glamis* is uniformly a word of one syllable; *a* broad as in *saw*.

'*Thou shalt get kings*.'—That the Stewarts descended from this Banquo is altogether visionary. The first of the family, mentioned in authentick history was Waller, who lived in the reign of David the first, and Malcolm the fourth, circa 12th century. He built and endowed an abbey in Paisley, 1164. He was also, by the records, high steward of Scotland.

'*By Sinel's death, I know*.'—A mistake. Macbeth's father's name was '*Finele*,' in latin 'Finelus,' *anglice* Finel.

'*The thane of Cawdor lives a prosperous gentleman*.'—There was a thane of 'Cawdor' or 'Calder'

so late as in 1492; a proof that the more recent title of *earl*, &c. did not supercede the more ancient of thane, &c. &c.

'*Two truths are told*'—may be explained by supposing, the death of Finel might not be generally known. Macbeth might have received intimation by a special courier; or Finel might have been only *custos thanagii*, and after him Macbeth of some near relation the true thane of *Glâmis*, who might have died while he was at the wars, and of course he would succeed to the *thaneship*. *Custos thanagii* may with as much propriety be called *thane*, as *custos comitatus* is called *earl*. One of Macduff's slain at Falkirk, 1290, is called earl of *Fife*, though he was only *custos comitatus*. We may even suppose, that Macbeth might have been acquainted with this during his harangue with Rosse by some one attending them, of course was surprised to be thus addressed by *spirits*.

Sc. IV.

'*Whom hereafter we name prince of Cumberland.*'—Malcolm was never so during his father's life.

Sc. V.

'*Missives from the king.*'—Not *persons*, but *letters missive*; in Scotland, holograph letters, only used on important occasions.

'*To alter favour ever is to fear.*' '*Ill farra*,' 'ill-favoured;' '*ill for*,' &c.

'*Bid gold yield.*'—*Shield*, from the German *shilen*, to protect.

Sc. VII.

'*He bears his faculties so meek.*'—The greatest charge against Duncan is his slowness to punish offences. He was murdered at a place called *Bothgouanan*, i. e. *Smiths-dwelling*.

'*Catch with his surcease success.*'—*Duncan*'s surcease.

—

BALLAD SINGERS.

We have a great number of ballad writers, and ballad readers, and ballad preachers, and ballad speakers; but we have no ballad singers, properly so called. These harmonious itinerant societies were held in no small estimation among the ancients. The profession is said to have originated with Homer, who hawked about his Illiad for an *obolus* a book. But as the trade was then in no repute, and as his poetry was neither *vendible* nor *singable*, by reason of its worthlessness, he could scarce earn salt for himself *or his family*. Thespis is said to have improved upon the art, and by tackling Pegasus to a cart, and *driving round* with his ballads he made out to 'pick up' something to keep his 'soul and body together.' Among the Romans too, we learn this practice from Virgil, whose shepherds in one of their conversations say,

—Non tu in triviis, indocte, solebas,
Stridenti miserum stipula disperdere carmen.

Perhaps Virgil was a hawker himself; he says,

Ascræumque cano Romana per oppida carmen.

I feel this deficiency perhaps more pungently than most people, for I am about to 'issue' *a grand national ballad*, for our grand national anniversary. I mean it shall begin thus, in the purest simplicity of American elegance.

We're so brave, independent, and valorous too,
And so free, that we scarcely can tell what to do!
We are no more afraid of the world than a feather,
We'll fight Europe, Asia, and Afric together.
We're all so enlighten'd,
We're not to be frighten'd,
Our shafts are all dipt, and our bows are all tighten'd.

Chorus.

For ne'er shall fire burn while there's water to quench it,
Or the hammer that drives a nail holds out to clench it.
Sing tol de rol, &c. &c.

Some friends, more *prudent* than learned, have *hinted* to me that this did not seem *quite original*. If they mean by this, that it bears a *resemblance* to some of our national ballads already in print, so much the better. It is nothing more than natural that it should, and perhaps proper that it ought to possess a considerable simularity to secure a favourable reception.

—

NEW TESTAMENT.

THE translation of the New Testament circulated in the reign of Edward III. and afterwards, must appear to the English reader of the present day, who is unacquainted with the Anglo-Saxon and Mæso-Gothick languages, almost unintelligible.

Annoon Ihesu constreynide the disciplis to steige in a boot.
Mathue chap. xiv. (v. 22.)

Ande the thornes steigeden up and strangelden. *Mark. chap.* iv. 7.

What ben ye troublid, and thougtis stigen up in youre hertis.
Luk. xxiv. 38.

The whyche seyden by spirit to Poul, thate he shulde not stye to ierusalemee.
Dedis. xxi. 12.

The firste vos that I herde, as off a trumpe spekynge with me, seiyinge. sty up hidur. *Apocolips* iv. 1.

Yee faderis nyle ye terre youoe sones to wraththe. *Ephesies* vi. 4.

—

PERICLES.

DRYDEN, in his prologue to the *tragedy of Circe*, places Shakespeare's Pericles amongst his earliest performances.

Your Ben and Fletcher in their first young flight,
Did no Volpone, no Arbaces write;
But hopp'd about, and short excursions made
From bough to bough, as if they were afraid,
And each were guilty of some *slighted maid.*
Shakspeare's own muse his *Periclos* first bore,
The *Prince of Tyre* was elder than *The Moor:*
'Tis miracle to see a first good play,
All hawthorns do not bloom on Christmas day.
A slender poet must have time to grow,
And spread and burnish as his brothers do.

—

VIRGIL.

THE following, if not Virgil's own, is according to Scaliger, *elegantisimum poëmatun et Virgilio dignissimum.*

...

DEDICATIO AENEIDOS.

SI mihi susceptum fuerit decurrere munus,
O Paphon, O sedes quæ colis Idalias;
Troius Æneas Romane per oppida digno
Jam tandem ut tecum carmine vectus eat;
Non ego thure modo, aut picta tua templa tabella
Ornabo, et puris serta feram manibus.
Corniger hos aries humilis, et maxima taurus
Victima sacratos tinget honore focos.
Marmoreusque tibi, versicoloribus alis,
In morem picta stabit amor pharetra.
Adsis, O Cytherea; tuus te Cæsar Olympo,
Et surrentini litoris ora vocat.

—

EPIGRAMS.

De asino, qui Æneiden dentibus discerpsit.

Carminis Iliaci libros consumsit asellus.
Hoc fatum Trojæ est; aut equus, aut asinus.

...

Subscriptum imagini Virgilianæ.

Subduxit morti vivax pictura Maronem;
Et quem Parca tulit, reddit imago virum. *Hilarus.*
Lucis damna nihil tanto nocuere Poetæ,
Quem præsentat honos carminis, et plutei. *Idem.*
Pastor, arator, eques, pavi, colui, superavi,
Capras, rus, hostes, fronde, ligone, manu. *Pentadius.*

For the Anthology.

THE STUDENT, No. 2.

THE classification of human knowledge, by lord Bacon, quoted at the close of our last number,* merits a more full description.— With this it may be useful and pleasant to give some account of the divisions of science, adopted by Mr. Locke and Mr. Hartley, and intersperse some notices of these eminent writers. This will be attempted in the present essay.

What three men have rendered more vast and valuable services to science, than Bacon, Locke, and Hartley? These are luminaries of prime magnitude and purest light, which attract the first attention, and long fix the admiration, as through the telescope of history the eye gazes on the hemisphere of genius and learning. Their mighty powers, and diligent improvement of them; their gigantick projects, and Herculean exploits, are themes on which, with ever fresh delight, *memory* loves to dwell, *imagination* to expatiate, and *reason* to ponder.

Sir Francis Bacon,† baron of Verulam, &c. had held a considerable rank among men of civil and scientifick eminence, for nearly a century; and, at some periods of that space, had enjoyed unmixed celebrity; while at others, his labours were but indifferently estimated, and his mistakes or errours censured with malignant satisfaction; when Pope, by the point and paradox of a brilliant couplet,* revived the attention of the lovers of intellect and erudition to his astonishing faculties and attainments, as well as the lovers of anecdote to his lamented aberrations. The scrutiny resulted in a verdict, which the high chancery of publick opinion has sanctioned, and which is registered in the archives of this ultimate tribunal. *The poet's splendid eulogy is as just and appropriate, as his severe reprehension.* In 'parts' he 'shone' indeed, beyond competition or comparison with any of his contemporaries. From the 'darkness palpable' of superstition and bigotry, religious and intellectual, he burst forth like the full-orb'd moon from the shadow in an eclipse. Such was, in this instance, and such usually has been, and is, the dazzling brightness of pre-eminent talents, that it overpowers the vision of beholders; and it is necessary that the *medium* of time interpose, before the relative degree of lustre is ascertained and assigned.

It would not be so difficult to fill the space allowed to this number, with encomium on Bacon's genius, as it is to suppress eulogy, and submit to the task of noting deficiency or eccentricity. Respecting the civil defalcation of the chancellor, or the moral irregularities of the *man*, much might be said in extenuation; the guilt

* Page 237. The reader will notice and correct a transposition in the *order* of the mental faculties, which should be Memory, Imagination, and Reason.

† He was born 22d Jan. 1561, and died 9 April, 1626.

* 'If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
The *wisest*, brightest, *meanest* of mankind.'

Essay on Man, 4 epistle, l. 232— *Published in* 1734.

might probably be chiefly affixed to his associates and *dependents*, rather than to the *minister* ; but some censure, and that not small or light, must attach to the principal, who suffers prodigality in expenses, or extravagance in largesses, to involve him in mazes, and ensnare him in temptations. From the perplexities and hazards of such entanglement, few will escape without severe suffering, or bitter repentance, or just reproach. —Bacon sustained them all. To a high-minded *chevalier*, what more poignant wound could be inflicted than *exile* from the court, and *incarceration* in the tower ? To the lover of hospitality, and the devoted admirer of convivial joy, whose wit and wisdom delighted every company, and always rendered him either the idolized host, or the welcome guest ; what harder sacrifice could be assigned, than a mulct, which involved the abandonment of all his means of giving or receiving social satisfaction. Above all, to a mind, warmed with a love of virtue ; if indeed, other passions smother the genial flame, and inspired, surely, with many high and pure sentiments, though some sordid or selfish feelings had intruded and acquired a control ; what could be a more agonising reflection, than that the choicest jewel it possessed, was indelibly tarnished ; the dignities which royal favour had conferred, all torn away ; and a sentence of ignominy pronounced, of which, though its penalties might be remitted, the record and remembrance could never be obliterated ? To the immortal honour of his *intellectual* character, be it remembered, that under the pressure of all this weighty mass, his genius rose with vigour ; while a softening light is shed on his moral deviations, by the magnanimity with which he promptly met the investigation of his accusers, and the full, the unreserved disclosure, of all his official delinquency.

Although in morals he did not undeviatingly practise integrity ; and although in science he did not profoundly understand mathematicks, (what higher charges than these, can be adduced or proved against the christian and the scholar ?) yet, as the writer of his life, which is prefixed to the last edition of his works, has observed with equal eloquence and truth—'The empire, he has erected in the learned world, is as universal as the free use of reason ; and one must continue till the other is no more. He had a mind, which neither affected novelty, nor idolized antiquity.—These qualities, which, with a noble confidence, he has applied to himself, are obvious and eminent, in his Instauration of the Sciences, a work designed not as a monument to his own fame, but a perpetual legacy to the common benefit of others.'

We are thus called back to that famous arrangement, which is more especially the object of present attention. Distributing the faculties of the soul into Memory, Imagination, and Reason, he apportions to these powers their branches of knowledge, under the heads of History, Poetry, and Philosophy. If we may borrow from the Linnean system an illustration of this scheme, these may be stated as the three great *classes* of science. The first, History, includes four *orders* —natural, civil, ecclesiastical, and literary. In Natural History are two *genera*, narrative and inductive ; and, in each of these, several *species*, as history of celestial bodies, of the earth, of the elements, and of mechanick arts. It might appear pedantick, and prove per-

plexing, were the whole tree of knowledge to be thus described, in its *numerous* and complicated ramifications. The most commodious and satisfactory form, in which it can be represented, is that of a map or chart, which may be found correctly and well delineated, both in the first and seventh volumes of Bacon's Works. (Edit. 1803. Lond. for J. Johnson and others, in 10 vols. 8vo.)

It must suffice, just to enumerate the principal *orders* of the classes, Poetry and Philosophy; which are, of the former, narrative, dramatick, and allegorical; of the latter, divine, (or theology;) natural, (viz. physicks, metaphysicks, and mathematicks, both pure and mixed;) and human, in which is comprised medicine, ethicks and logick, grammar, civil polity, and jurisprudence. Such, in brief, is this famous essay, to reduce study to rules; to ascertain what had been, and enforce what remained to be done; and to collect to a point the scattered rays of experiment and observation.

Six years after the departure of Bacon, arose another light of science, the celebrated John Locke. Were we allowed, or were there the same occasion, we should not be inclined to enter into so minute a discussion of the character of this man, as certainly without any premeditation on our part, and probably without much pleasure or profit on the part of the reader, has been exhibited above. No high crime in conduct is imputable to *this* illustrious scholar. His flight from his native country neither is evidence, nor has been considered as giving much cause of suspicion, that he had been in act a rebel, though in speculation he was a *republican and leveller*. From his excellent writings, in illustration and defence of christianity, and from the accounts of biographers, respecting its influence on his conduct, we should hope that Locke affords *one* exception to Dr. Johnson's remarks on Milton—'Faction seldom leaves a man honest, however it may find him; and he who could impute to his king, as a heavy crime, and that in the indecent language with which prosperity had emboldened the advocates of rebellion to insult all that is venerable and great, the use of a prayer from Sidney's Arcadia, could, with a little extension of malice, have contrived what he and his friends wanted to accuse. It is to be suspected that his predominant desire was to destroy, rather than to establish, and that he felt not so much the love of liberty, as repugnance to authority!' It is rather to the reproach of the nation than the philosopher, that he was compelled to follow his patron, Shaftesbury, into exile. And when it is recollected, that in the seclusion and leisure, which were consequent on this absence from home and employment, he composed his famous 'Essay on Human Understanding,' we shall be but little disposed to blame or regret the cause. In this work he attempted much, and he certainly effected considerable. It has operated, if viewed alone, to enlarge the sphere of real and useful knowledge, and to detect the vagaries and visions of hypothetical pretenders to science. It has given rise to many treatises, which, whether supporting the general theory, or controverting particular portions of it, have given to entomology a high rank among the real and useful branches of knowledge. As one result of his essay, he has given at the close a three-fold division of the sciences, into φυσικη, Πραχτικη, & Σημιωτικη. These

he considers as embracing 'all that can fall within the compass of human understanding.' The first part is the knowledge of *things*, their properties and operations, as they are in themselves, whether material or immaterial. The second is the skill of attaining right *conduct*, in order to happiness—And the third is the doctrine of *signs*, in order to understand things correctly ourselves, and convey knowledge of truth and duty clearly to others.

It is at once apparent, that these three classes of knowledge are less distinctly separated, than those before considered. Indeed they seem rather branches from one root, than independent stocks of knowledge. Bacon's '*Philosophy*' comprises the two first, if not also the last of them; and as he has divided and subdivided the objects of reason, they seem to us most naturally and intelligibly to fall under that class. We do not purpose, therefore, to abandon our first intention, in favour of the projected alteration, even of the respected and valued Locke. On the year in which he died,* was born David Hartley. His arrangement can receive at this time, but a rapid view. It in the main coincides with Bacon, and may be easily reduced to it. His worth as a man, and his excellence as an author, may be suitably acknowledged, when in the prosecution of our plan, the immortal 'Observations on Man,' shall come under examination. Whether we know much, or believe any thing about his atomical mechanism and operation; whether we admit his arguments for necessity, and its natural consequences, or whether we do not, it admits neither of denial or doubt, that he thought profoundly, and has written clearly, on the human mind and conduct.

Dr. Hartley's is, perhaps, a more simple, if less systematick classification of the sciences, than either of the former. In this, knowledge of all kinds is reduced to seven general heads. 1...Philology, or the knowledge of words, comprehending grammar and criticism, rhetorick and poetry. 2...Mathematicks, divided into arithmetick, which uses numbers as the exponents of quantity; geometry, which employs figures; and algebra, whose symbols comprehend both the former. 3...Logick, or the art of using words, for making discoveries in the several branches of knowledge. 4...Natural history, viz. of animals, plants, minerals, the earth, the atmosphere, and the heavenly bodies. 5...Civil history, *i. e.* of the manners, customs, laws, religion, &c. of the several nations. 6...Natural philosophy, including not only physicks, but astronomy, and psychology, or the theory of the human mind. 7...Religion, or as Bacon terms it, divine philosophy; and under this are to be referred ethicks and politicks, as they are designed to promote good, and lead man ultimately to the favour and enjoyment of GOD.

* 1704.

For the Anthology.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LITERATURE IN FRANCE, IN 1806.

IT is necessary to recollect something of the state of French literature before the decline and extinction of the ancient monarchy, or we may otherwise lament the loss of what was never possessed. No one, unless deeply tinctured with English prejudice, will venture to pronounce, that the French have any necessary and invincible inaptitude for any department of literature, who recollects that they have produced Malebranch in metaphysicks, Montesquieu in politicks, Descartes and Paschal in mathematicks, the Stephens, Casaubon, and Villoison in ancient literature, and poets without number and almost without rivals. Still, however, French literature has always been more celebrated for richness than solidity, and they have ever considered poetry, eloquence, and the drama as its shining side, and resigned the palm in the severer sciences to their less vivacious, but more philosophical neighbours. They may be compared with any nation for every thing connected with the elegant, the gracious, the witty and alluring ; but their writings have not been generally remarkable for solid and philosophical thinking, for clear and exact analysis, for simple and copious illustration, and for wide, various, and deep research. If this general character of French literature be allowed to be just, there were certainly no symptoms under the ancient *regimé* of any approaching degradation. Without any more proof, it will be granted that the old ages of the monarchy produced its full proportion of scholars, when it is recollected that it was decorated by the names of Buffon, D'Alembert, Marmontel, Condillac, Thomas, La Harpe, and Villoison.

It is not yet time to judge fairly of all the effects of the revolution. Most of those, who at present support the literary reputation of the country, received the elements of their education under the ancient system, and many, whose powers should have been now unfolding, were swept away by the torrent, which spares only the bad, the insignificant, and the unknown. Nor, on the other hand, are all the evils of the horrible conscription yet fully displayed. What an approach will it be to the barbarism of the early ages, if it should become the object of a great nation, not to embellish the mind, but to fortify the body, not to investigate moral and philosophical truth, but to make war a more rapid instument of destruction ? Nor can it be said that this is altogether an idle fear, when we anticipate the necessary effects of the system. Eighty thousand (and when the emperour pleases, by an artifice in the arrangement, one hundred and twenty thousand) are annually subtracted from the peaceable population of the country, and the safety of all of a similar age is likewise endangered. A father, whose fortune is just sufficient to give an education to his son, (and the parents of literary men have been mostly of this class,) has all inducement to bestow it, in this way destroyed, by the probability

that his son will be torn from him just at the period, when his talents are beginning to be developed. To procure a subtitute has now become heavily expensive. What then remains for the wretched father, but to submit to his fate; give his son a military education, suffer him to become a soldier and be undone. To refinement, to morals, to literature, and to religion, he then most infallibly becomes dead.

If however we proceed to examine the actual state of literature without speculating on the future, it must be confessed, that in *natural history*, in the *mathematicks*, particularly as they are connected with the art of war, and above all in *chemistry* the character of the nation perhaps never before stood equally high. Such a constellation of talents, as the mathematical and physical class of the Institute exhibits, I suppose we might look for in vain in any other country of Europe.—Without attempting to depreciate these sciences, for I am full of respect for them, it may however be observed, that although they call forth as much acuteness and even genius as any others, yet as they are advanced by immediate deduction from experiments, without many foreign intermediate ideas, they are connected with fewer collateral subjects, and demand therefore less previous and subsidiary acquisition, than the other branches of knowledge. If so, the great and merited renown of Fourcroy, Berthollet, and Vauquelin; of La Grange, Legendre, and La Place;* of Cuvier, Haüy, and Lacépéde, however justly it may be appealed to, as a proof that the ingenuity of the nation has suffered no decay, does not alone assure us that its less severe sciences, its philosophy and taste, flourish without diminution.

Excepting then in physicks and mathematicks, if you inquire what standard scientifick works have appeared within the last fifteen years, the answer must be, none. —In metaphysicks this is not strange, since from some cause the French have never been very successful in its cultivation. Some of the works of Condillac are of value, but for his most important ideas he is indebted to Locke. The present metaphysicians content themselves with giving new names to old ideas, reviving exploded doctrines, writing flimsy books on materialism, from which they deduce a kind of Epicurean atheism, making distinctions without differences, and concluding with some flourish about the progress of science, reason, and illumination. The writers most in vogue at present are Cabanis and De Tracy.

On the subject of philosophy, including morals, I suppose I must be prejudiced; but certainly I find no traces of what I have been accaccustomed to in the English school. They who call themselves their votaries wander now only in the gardens of Epicurus; they retire not to the recess of Pythagoras, they sit not in the Academy of Plato, in the Lyceum of Aristotle, nor under the Portico of Zeno; how then should they enter the humble walks of the lowly and unassuming Nazerene? No; if, so long ago as when Dr. Priestley visited France, he was stared at when he avowed his sincere belief of Christianity; they would now weigh it very seriously against

* I do not include La Lande, for, as I heard it observed by one of the Institute, he has lived longer than his reputation.

his other claims to distinction. In a late number of the *Revue*, when noticing a new edition of the works of Rollin, they gravely apologize for giving the name of philosopher to one, who was at the same time a Christian and a Jansenist.—But enough at present of a subject, on which I cannot write cheerfully.

The cause of ancient literature has received a severe blow from the revolution. In many of the *Pensions* Greek is not taught at all, and few learn more of Latin than to enable them to point a dull period, by some common-place quotation. The deep and ample learning of the Port-Royal and Sorbonne is no longer known. It expired with Villoison. They attempt to supply its place, by multiplying translations, and these to be sure fall

'thick as autumnal leaves
That strew the vale of Vallambrosa.'

By the way, the very number of these translations affords one of the best answers to the opinion of La Motte, Perault, Voltaire, Condorcet, &c. that they render useless the knowledge of the original languages. For if it be possible to transfuse the beauties of the ancients into modern languages, some one translator must surely have by this time succeeded; but that this is not the case, the multitude of new attempts is a sufficient confession. If, indeed, notwithstanding our marble is of equal beauty, and our colours of equal brilliancy, it has been found a hopeless task to attempt to copy the charms of the Venus and Apollo, and the sublimity of the Transfiguration and Last Judgment, how can it be imagined that in languages of far inferiour flexibility, harmony, and grace, we should re-produce the wonders of the eloquence of antiquity, or revive the sublime raptures of its bards?

This poverty of classical knowledge is followed by its inevitable attendant, incorrect taste. In our inquiry into the causes of corrupt eloquence in any country, it is here that we always find our answer; it is by this, for instance, that we at once account for the false rhetorick, for the tumid, unnatural, and distorted kind of writing, which we every where see in America. It is commonly a shrewd symptom of the decline of taste, when nothing will do that is not terse, sententious, antithetical, and pointed; when every one is run away with a passion for *calembourgs*, *bon mots*, and the various forms of *le bel esprit*. I would by no means deny that there are still fine writers in France; there certainly are many, many well-read, classical scholars. But it is not to be denied, that the majority, and those too the most popular, have the faults at which I have hinted. They are full of exaggeration, and swell of ostentation without riches, of artificial passion, and pathos made by rule. Those higher flights of composition, which a fine writer hazards seldom, and which indeed owe their effect to their rare occurrence, they scatter in every page. What can be written in a more pitiful style than the proclamations to the army, the occasional flourishes in the bulletins, &c. although they are said in Paris to bear traces of an imperial hand? They would disgrace Touissaint or Dessalines.—Of the present state of French poetry, I have little to say. Delille, now extremely old, who has formed himself on the model of the English poets, and who, in truth, deserves his fame, must be considered as belonging to the last age. On the whole, I suspect that

one is safe in saying, that, with the exception of Delille, there is no poet at present, who will outlive his age.

It would not be wonderful, however, if the spirit of literary enterprise were more completely extinguished than it actually is ; for never has the world before seen a despotism over the press so extensive, systematick, and effectual, as is now exercised in France. Even under the most savage of the Roman emperours, Juvenal could publish his satires, though not perhaps with personal impunity ; but in France, the author of any thing offensive is not only punished himself, but his work is rendered harmless by being completely suppressed before it sees the light. The Institute itself, though it must be allowed to be, in general, tolerably complaisant and docile, sometimes falls under his majesty's displeasure. They proposed, several years since, to publish a revised edition of the Dictionary of the Academy. I saw, in their transactions, the memoir, which was drawn up, and the names of the committee raised to execute this intention ; but on inquiring for the work, I was told, that though it had been completed, and actually passed through the press, not a copy of it had ever publickly appeared. It seems, that they had thought it necessary to record the new words, which had been coined in the revolution, together with the new meanings which had been given to old words, and to subjoin to them the names of their authors. Under the word *usurpateur*, they maliciously mentioned a new sense given to it by the emperour, in a speech to the senate, and subjoined the authority of Bonaparte. For this and some similar liberties, the whole impression was sequestrated. A poor bookseller ventured to republish Delille's poem, *La Pitié*, from the original text, as it appeared in London ; he was rewarded by the seizure of the work, and apartments were assigned to himself in the temple. It would be easy to collect many similar anecdotes.

These observations you will find hasty, and perhaps incorrect.—They were made during a short residence of less than six months, confined exclusively to Paris. It is not, perhaps however unjust, to judge of the literature of the country, by what appears in the metropolis. The influence of a capital is every where great ; but it is more so in France than in any other country of Europe. The darling object of pride and boast with a Frenchman is 'la belle,' 'la magnifique ville,' and we have seen this prejudice retain its force, when almost all others, however ingrained and inveterate, were loosened and swept away. We have seen Paris, during the revolution, quietly give law to the remotest provinces of the empire, wield, at the will of its mobs, their passions and opinions, produce every where an immediate imitation of its habits, however frantick and absurd, and obtain unresisting and implicit acquiescence in every new master, which its whim might impose.—There is another reason why Paris should be the centre of the literature of the nation. It is not in France as in England, where, in every town of any importance, you find ample publick and private libraries, and of course some literary society. So far from this, especially since the destruction of the convents, and provincial colleges, that a man of letters is compelled to resort to Paris, not only for patrons and associates in his

studies, but even for the means of pursuing them. These means and facilities for cultivating literature, are, in truth, admirable and unequalled. They are extremely well described in Wyttenbach's life of Ruhnken, and as it may amuse you to see the manner in which Paris affected a scholar and a Dutchman,* I am going to transcribe the passage :—

'Nullus, aiebat, in toto terrarum orbe locus, item ut Lutetia, cum abundat omni omnium artium doctrinarumque materiâ & supellectile, tum adfluit omni omnis generis voluptatum deliciarumque instrumento. Ne dicam de ingentibus ædificiorum operibus, basilicis, templis aliis, eorumque et magnitudine et magnificentia ; confluit in eam urbem quidquid et arte effici, et ingenio excogitari, potest, cum ad deleniendos oculos, tum ad oblectandos aures, tum ad reliquos sensus titillandos et ac mulcendos. Igitur et doctrinæ studiosus habet, quo descendat, placando genio honestum diverticulum ; et voluptarius habet, quo se a Sirenibus ad Musas attollat opportunum receptaculum. Omnes ad Musas aditus unicuique patent et aperti sunt, si quidem publico & communi usui dicata sunt Musea ; ubi, cùm libri omnis generis expromuntur, tum spectanda exponuntur artium liberalium opera manufacta, Picturæ, Statuariæ, Sculpturæ, Numismaticæ ; aliarum : materies et opificia item physicæ, anatomicæ, medicinæ, mechanicæ, astronomicæ, historiæ naturalis, et nullius non disciplinæ. Sed non minus in promptu et obviæ versantur voluptatum illecebrarumque variæ formæ, quibus ubique occurentibus et blandé accidentibus, qui non convertatur aliquando, is aut ferreus sit, aut perfectus e Stoica schola, sapiens.'—Vita D. Ruhnkenii. Auct. Wyttenbach, pag. 370.

His visit was made to Paris before the revolution, but his remarks at present have lost none of their truth. The pleasures, which he seems to have found it so difficult to resist, have certainly not diminished in number or attraction. Indeed the Parisians seem to have returned to more than their ancient dissipation. They have learned no wisdom from the horrours through which they have passed. The volcano has exploded, and spent its fury ; and while its lava is scarcely cool, they have already again built upon it, and the soil is more fruitful than ever in folly and crime. Like the Romans under the emperours, as described by Juvenal, they have ceased to be interested in publick affairs, and demand only 'panem et circenses,' bread and dissipation. Their most serious occupation is to discuss the merits of a player, or to decide on the attitudes of a dancer.—But I grow weary of the subject. Adieu.

* He was born in Germany, but became so much attached to Holland, that he refused an offer to return home, because, says his biographer, Batavæ terræ *suavitatibus* captus.

For the Anthology.

REMARKER, No. 22.

. . . . . Populus me sibilat ; at mihi plaudo
Ipse domi, simul ac nummos contemplor in arcâ.

HORACE. *Sat.* 1.

THE desire of gain is so strong and general, that mankind, in their anxiety to attain the end, are very apt to be indifferent about the means : hence the necessity of laws to secure the possession of property from fraud and violence, and which, from the severity of their nature and the rigour with which they are executed, are generally sufficient to answer the purpose for which they were instituted. But though men in civil society may feel tolerably secure against forgery and theft, yet there are many who become the prey of the unfeeling and unprincipled, and are deprived of what is justly their own by means, against which legislative wisdom cannot adequately provide.

Usury, the mean vice of low and sordid minds ; expressly forbidden by the Deity, and prohibited by human institutions ; insidious in its means, and pernicious in its consequences ; is, by the cunning of its perpetrators, not only able to elude legal restrictions and escape punishment, but to find that extreme degree of toleration, which ought only to be allowed to the infirmities of nature, to difference of opinion, and errours of judgment. Against the highwayman, the housebreaker, and the pickpocket, every one will readily assist to render his neighbour secure, or join to pursue the offender and bring him to justice ; but when misfortune presses, or temporary exigencies occur, which might call forth the offices of friendship, and afford opportunities for generosity to display itself ; it is then that the usurer stretches forth his grasping hand, and with unrelenting cruelty augments his exactions in proportion as increasing distresses are calculated to excite compassion in the humane and just. In other countries the common prey of the usurer is the thoughtless heir, and dissipated man of fashion ; but here his victims are the industrious tradesman, and well-meaning adventurer in commerce, who, when once entangled, seldom escapes till he is reduced to beggary ; while his oppressor exultingly counts the thousands he has gotten by means more base and criminal, than those for which many wretches suffer on a gallows ; is enabled by his riches to direct the monied and civil establishments of his country, acquires an extensive influence over his fellow-citizens, is admitted into the best society, nay, is even courted with that respectful attention, which is due alone to venerable wisdom, unsullied integrity, and disinterested virtue.

In a country, young and populous like this, when the events of the european world have opened so many avenues to mercantile pursuits to an enterprising people, it may frequently happen, that the regular trade of the time may justify a man in giving considerably more than the common interest for money ; and what a fair trade will justify one in giving, will justify another in receiving, because he could make the same profits as

the other, if he employed his money the same way : but it will not be pretended by an honest well-informed merchant, that any regular trade will enable him to give from twenty to thirty, and even forty per cent. per annum for money ; he knows, that a capital resting on such a foundation must soon fall, and spread ruin and desolation around it, unless supported by dishonest means, or attended by such a constant run of good fortune as seldom happens to the most ardent and successful gambler.

The common, and indeed the only plausible plea of the usurer, is, that money is an article of commerce, and, as every thing in trade is worth as much as it will bring, therefore they have a right to sell their money for as much as they can get : but very few are so ignorant, as not to know, that they are imposing a fallacy on mankind, while they attempt to justify themselves by this hacknied sophism ; for it must be evident to all, who reflect on the subject, that money is the medium by which the operations of commerce are facilitated ; it is what Hume calls the oil to the wheels of commerce, and therefore cannot be called the machine itself, or the effects of the machine, though it may contribute much to assist the cause : it represents every commodity we make use of, whether raw or manufactured ; but the representative and the thing represented cannot be the same, the shadow and the substance are not the same, the portrait and the person painted are not one and the same person, nor are the objects reflected in a mirrour the same in nature and substance, as the appearances it represents. It would be an insult to common sense to waste time in farther attempts to expose a fallacy, which must be obvious to every one, that chooses to examine it. But, if it be granted that money is a commodity, and therefore worth as much as it will bring ; they will not be able to prove, that, when fairly brought into market and subjected to the same competition as other articles, it will bring as much profit, as they can gain by having their emissaries to pry into the particular situations, occasional emergencies, and declining prospects of their fellow-citizens ; and taking advantage of knowledge thus attained to extort such exorbitant terms in secret, as they never wish to exhibit in the open light of day : of this they are well enough convinced, and this a necessary respect to the principles of wise and good men makes them seem to be ashamed of : else why do they endeavour to hide their transactions from publick view, and skulk in brokers' alleys and about the corners of the streets, when banking hours are nearly over ? Why do they not come forward and justify the practices of extortion ? why do they attempt to conceal a conduct, which they pretend to say is but one of the branches of fair and honest trade ? They shrink from scrutiny, because it would expose them as the abettors of gambling speculations, as vultures who feed on diseased and rotten carcases, as harpies who take malignant pleasure in the cries of human misery, as bawds who live by being the panders of vice, who assist the profligate to dissipate his patrimony, and the swindler to cheat a greater number of honest creditors.

To the Editors of the Anthology.

Mendon, May 9th, 1807.

GENTLEMEN,

I SAW in the Monthly Anthology and Boston Review, for January last, Nathaniel Gardner's Latin translation of Dr. Watts' ode on the Nativity of Christ. The friend who furnished the editors with the copy, says, 'it is not known to whom the letters S. W. refer;' but adds, that 'they probably indicate the person to whom the performance was addressed.' I was well acquainted both with Mr. Gardner, and with him whom the lucubration was intended to delight. He was a kindred genius, named Samuel White; had been a student at the *same college;* was graduated a year or two after his friend Gardner; like him rose, *passibus citis*, while an under-graduate, to considerable celebrity for classical erudition; and after leaving that seminary was, several years, usher in the north Latin school in Boston, under good master Wiswall. He had a reigning inclination to poetise, and was thought happy in divers productions; particularly in his metrical version of some parts of the *Canticum Canticorum*, which he shewed me in manuscript, before they were published, at different times, in Edes & Gill's newspapers. The words *tua carmina*, in Gardner's introduction, may, from what I have written, be accounted for; though the sentence which they begin, being incomplete, 'cannot be fully explained.' The demise of White was not long before nor after that of his friend.

Yours,

SAMUEL DEXTER.

POETRY.

For the Anthology.

FROM A MANUSCRIPT OF THE LATE HONOURABLE *BENJAMIN PRATT, Esq.* CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE PROVINCE OF NEW-YORK.

THOUGH guilt and folly tremble o'er the grave,
No life can charm, no death affright the brave.
The wise at nature's laws will ne'er repine,
Nor think to scan, or mend the grand design,
That takes unbounded nature for its care,
Bids all her millions claim an equal share.
Late in a miscroscopick worm confined;
Then in a prisoned fœtus, drowsed the mind;
Now of the ape-kind, both for sense and size;
Man eats, and drinks, and propagates and dies.
Good gods! if thus to live our errand here,
Is parting with life's trifles worth our fear?

Or what grim furies have us in their power
More in the dying, than each living hour ?
Ills from ourselves, but none from nature flow,
And Virtue's path cannot descend to woe ;
What Nature gives, receive ; her laws obey ;
If you must die to-morrow, live to-day.

The prior states, thy mind has laboured through,
Are drown'd in Lethe, whose black waves pursue
To roll oblivion on each yesterday,
And will to-morrow sweep thyself away.

But where ? Not more unknown is future fate,
Than thine own end and essence in this state.
We see our shapes, and feel ten thousand things ;
We reason, act, and sport on fancy's wings ;
While yet this agent, yet this spirit, lies
Hid from itself, and puzzles all the wise.
In vain we seek ; inverted eyes are blind ;
And nature form'd no mirrour for the mind.
Like some close cell, where art excludes the day,
Save what through opticks darts its pencil'd ray,
And paints its lively landscape to the sight,
While yet the space itself is blank in night.
Nor can you find, with all your boasted art,
The curious touch, that bids the salient heart
Send its warm purple round the veiny maze,
To fill each nerve with life, with bloom the face ;
How o'er the heart the numbing palsies creep,
To chill the carcase to eternal sleep !
'Tis ours t' improve this life, not ours to know
From whence this meteor, when, or where 'twill go.
As o'er a fen, when heaven's involved in night,
An ignis fatuus waves its new-born light !
Now up, now down the mimick taper plays,
As varying Zephyr puffs the trembling blaze,
Soon the light phantom spends its magick store,
Dies into darkness, and is seen no more.

Thus run our changes ; but in this secure,
Heaven trusts no mortal's fortune in his power,
Nor hears the prayers impertinent we send
To alter Fate, or Providence to mend.
As well in judgment, as in mercy kind,
God hath for both the fittest state designed ;
The wise on death, the fools on life depend,
Waiting with sweet reverse their toils to end.
Scheme after scheme the dupe successive tries,
And never gains, though hopes to gain the prize.
From the delusion still he ne'er will wake,
But dreams of bliss, and lives on the mistake.
Thus Tantalus, in spite, the Furies plied,
Tortured, and charmed to wish, and yet denied,
In every wish infatuate dreads lest Jove
Should move him from the torments of his love,
To see the tempting fruit, and streams no more,
And trust his Maker in some unknown shore.
Death buries all diseases in the grave,
And gives us freedom from each fool and knave,
To worlds unknown it kindly wafts us o'er ;
Come, Death ! my guide, I'm raptured to explore !

SELECTIONS.

FROM THE NEW-YORK EVENING POST.

On revisiting the Cottage of Rosa in early Spring, after a long absence.

SEVEN Summers have flown, and once more do I see
The fields and the groves I deserted so long;
Scarce a bud yet appears on the winter-beat tree,
Nor a bird yet enlivens the sky with his song.

For though Spring has returned, yet the chilly wind blows,
And the violets and daisies still hide in the ground;
But one dear little flower, one beautiful ROSE,
Here blooms and here blushes the seasons all round.

Thou pride of the plain, little Queen of the grove,
Still fresh is thy foliage, and sweet thy perfume,
And still the bright object of PARIDEL's love,
As when thy first buds were beginning to bloom.

And though fate has decreed that he must not aspire
This blossom divine on his bosom to wear,
Yet still must he cherish the tender desire,
And make thee forever the theme of his prayer.

Blow gently, ye Zephyrs, be genial ye showers,
Bright and warm be the sky o'er thy dear native vale,
And may no bitter blast ever ravage the bowers,
That guard thy fair frame from the merciless gale.

And when the short season of blooming shall end,
Which fate to the children of nature has given,
May some cherub of beauty, to snatch thee, descend,
And bear thee to bloom in the garden of heaven. PARIDEL.

EPITAPH.

TAKE, holy earth, all that my soul holds dear,
Take that best gift, which heaven so lately gave.
To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care
Her faded form. . . . She bow'd to taste the wave,
And died. Does youth, does beauty read the line?
Does sympathetick fear their breasts alarm?
Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine,
E'en from the grave thou canst have power to charm.
Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee,
Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move.
And if as fair, from vanity as free,
As firm in friendship, and as fond in love,
Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die,
'Twas so to thee: yet the dread path once trod,
Heaven lifts her everlasting portals high,
And bids the pure in heart behold their God.

THE BOSTON REVIEW,

FOR

JUNE, 1807.

Librum tuum legi & quam diligentissime potui annotavi, quæ commutanda, quæ eximenda, arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere vero assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur. PLIN.

ARTICLE 33.

Valerian, a narrative poem, intended, in part, to describe the early persecutions of christians, and rapidly to illustrate the influence of christianity on the manners of nations. By John Blair Linn, D.D. late pastor of the first presbyterian congregation in Philadelphia; with a sketch of the life and character of the author. Philadelphia, printed by Thomas & Geo. Palmer. 4*to. pp.* 97.

THE biography, prefixed to this poem, is, with a few exceptions, well written, and must be particularly gratifying to the friends of the deceased, to whom both the poet and his productions must be infinitely more interesting, than to the publick at large. Dr. John Blair Linn was a young man of unquestionable talents, and had his life been spared, might have produced something creditable to himself and country. But as the works, which he has left behind him, have no claim to extraordinary merit, it is not probable that they will long survive their author.

The present poem is entitled to every indulgence, as it is an unfinished and posthumous production. But still our duty imperiously demands of us to point out its defects; and at the same time we give our unqualified disapprobation of thus publishing the posthumous crudities of young writers, of no established reputation. The injudicious partiality of friendship ought not to volunteer a measure of this nature; and, in our opinion, nothing can justify the publication of posthumous productions, but the loud and repeated call of the publick voice, arising from the well-grounded popularity of the writer, when living.

The poet supposes an imaginary nation, of Tuscan origin, settled on the borders of the Caspian sea. The country he calls Montalvia, and the inhabitants Montalvians. Among these brave and virtuous people lived Alcestes, a sage advanced in years, honoured by his sovereign, and respected by his tribe. Azora, a beautiful girl of eighteen, his only child, and an aged dog, composed the whole family of Alcestes, who, retired from the busy scenes of crowded life, resided in a rural cottage, whose whole furniture is described as consisting of a 'bed, some rushy seats, and a lumbering chest.' As the venerable old man was enjoying his morning walk, attended by his faithful dog, attracted by the loud barking of the animal, he turned round, and observed, on the shore, the body of a man, apparently lifeless. With the humanity that might be expected from a person of his character, he convey-

ed the stranger to his cottage, and, assisted by his lovely daughter, restored him to life and health. The remainder of the first book is employed by Alcestes, who, at the request of the stranger, describes the country of Montalvia, its monarch, cities, and police.

The second book contains the history of the stranger, a Roman, and a christian, whose name is Valerian ; who, having fled from the religious persecution of his countrymen, after a variety of adventures, here detailed, at length embarks on board a vessel, which is wrecked, and he alone is saved, in the manner already related.

In the third book, a mutual passion is felt by Valerian and Azora. He is introduced to the king by Alcestes ; gains the royal confidence, and converts him to the christian faith. The nation followed the example of their sovereign, abandoned their idolatries and superstitions, and embraced christianity. The satisfaction, however, at this change of religion, was by no means universal. Palladon, who is pourtrayed as

'A wileful priest,
Hoary in years, and versed in deeds of blood,'

is determined to avenge the subverted altars of his country, by taking the life of Valerian. He assembles his followers for this purpose, and it is agreed on between them, that the first favourable opportunity shall be improved, of executing their vengeance on the stranger. A hunt is then introduced, and the strange adventures that follow, seem to have little or no connexion with the main design of the poem.

Such is this unfinished and strange production, of which we shall briefly point out the defects.

'Time, as *she* flew, increased
Their number and their strength.'
Book I. *l.* 13.

This is the first instance, in which we have ever discovered Time to be of the feminine gender. We have always found him delineated as a venerable old gentleman, with wings, an hour glass, and a scythe. We should have supposed this a typographical errour, were it not that the book is printed with uncommon care.

'Oft listening to thy wayward *dreams*
I've followed thee o'er cloud-capt hills,
o'er *streams*.' *L.* 28.

The introduction of rhymes into a poem, written in blank verse, is contrary to the usage of the best English poets.

'And o'er
Her shoulders fell a shining *flood of hair*.' *L.* 66.

A *flood* of hair is an affected expression, ridiculous and unauthorised.

'Azora's voice,
Companioning, far sweeter than its own.'
L. 79.

Companioning is a word invented, without taste, low, and unpoetical. He describes Valerian, as a *man bereft of life ;* an expression, surely, too strong for suspended animation.

'And nought it has to please or *interest*,
Unless it meet an *interest* in your love.'
Book II. *l.* 17.

These lines contain a miserable quibble. Besides, the word *interest* in the preceding line is falsely accented, on the first instead of the last syllable.

'He triumphed o'er the grave ; he lived again on earth.' *L.* 127.

This line is an Alexandrine, and not admissable in blank verse.

Valerian describes himself in company with two hundred chris-

tians, retired within a cave, to enjoy in private that exercise of their religion, which was denied to them in publick, when they were unexpectedly assailed by their persecutors, who entered the cavern in arms. He makes his temporary escape in the following very improbable manner :

'Sometime had slaughter rioted and raged,
When I, contending in the face of death,
In hopes that darkness might afford escape,
Flew to the places where the lamps were hung,
Dashed them to earth, extinguished all their light.
Shrouded in night, and in a cave immured,
The Roman soldiers could not now discern
Their friends from foes : wild uproar now arose ;
Confusion fell upon the heathen fiends ;
They poured down blows upon each other's heads,
And in mistake they one another slew :
A night more terrible I never saw.
I, purposing escape, in silence crept
Along the walls, until I reached the door :
Then calling to my friends, I bade them seize
The present time of flight, and follow me :
And springing upwards, o'er the flight of stairs,
I gained the street, and saw the moon and stars.
Scarce had I time to breathe and look around,
When I was seized by the patrolling guards,
Was bound with heavy chains, and then was thrown
In a deep dungeon, cold, damp as the grave.
Excluded there from light or human voice,
I lay some weeks, and would have welcomed death ;
I had but little food, and that was coarse,
And such as hunger only would receive.'

Page 45.

The following passage deserves commendation, as containing the natural sentiments, well exprest, of a prisoner in a foreign country, in momentary expectation of suffering execution :

'Land of my fathers ! scenes of infant years !
Ye hills, and plains, ye streams and tangled woods,
O'er which I roved, in boyhood's artless days,
O shall Cœlestian never see ye more !
Deceiving visions of the night, away !
Hush not the tumults of the soul to rest,
To wake again to keener pangs of woe.'

L. 409.

The description of the hunt, in the third book, we shall cite as the best specimen we can find of the poet's descriptive powers, which is not without merit, though clumsily introduced :

'Gondalbo's trumpet at the dawn of day
Had summoned to the chace his sportful friends :
With these came forth a troop of martial dames,
Led by Rolinda, first of all in charms.
Valerian, curious to explore the wood,
Where the magician kept his mystick school,
Accoutred in the armour of the land,
Mounted a steed, and followed in the train.
His stately form, the grace with which he moved,
And checked the fury of his headlong horse,
Struck his beholders with surprise : but most
Rolinda's eye him followed o'er the plains,
And most her tongue was lavish in his praise.
His courser bounded to the winding horn,
And to the clamours of the noisy hounds,
That echoed from the hills ; he proudly pranced,
He snuffed the gale, and waved his floating mane.
When they had reached the borders of the wood.

Valerian saw with wonder its thick shades,
The towering height of its deep-rooted oaks,
And felt the chill of their o'ershadowing gloom.

Far in the woods the hunters had not plunged,
Before the hounds from his rude covert roused
A huge and furious boar; his glaring eyes
Shone like two stars amidst the depths of night;
Like to the murmur of seditious winds,
His breath was heard from far; he champed the foam
Which dropped down roping from his crooked tusks.
He heard the tumult of the coming war,
And high upridging his hard bristly back,
Prepared to meet the onset of his foes.

The dogs that first advanced were gashed and torn,
Their fellows fled, the stoutest hunter paused.
Swift as the winds Rolinda onward flies,
Nor heeds the counsel of her female train:
At the fierce beast she boldly hurls her spear;
True to her aim, it strikes him in the side,
The blood pours down in torrents from the wound.
The monster rages with excess of pain,
And turns his wrath on her who gave the blow,
Loud roaring like the storm. Rolinda's steed
Starts back and trembles, while the ponderous boar
Against him rushes, throws him to the earth,
And with him the fair burden which he held.
Helpless Rolinda lies, expecting death:
Valerian sees, he hastens to her aid,
He throws himself like lightning from his horse,
With his long spear he rushes on the boar,
And buries it in his extended jaws;
He falls, and shakes beneath his weight the ground.
Valerian raises the affrighted maid,
And gives her back in safety to her friends. *P.* 68—71.

We conclude our remarks by protesting once more most seriously against this practice of publishing posthumous works, which can never be justified, but where it is known to have been the design or request of the writer, where the publick demand the publication, or where there is a probability, that the community will derive some important advantage from them, by the discovery of some ingenious invention, or some political information, which otherwise might be lost to the world.

ART. 34.

Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, for the year 1800. *Vol. VII.* Boston, S. Hall. 1801. 8*vo. pp.* 280.

THIS respectable institution must not attribute the long interruption, in our notice of their publications, to any intentional neglect—Much less may they impute to us a light estimate of their labours. The tribute paid on a former occasion*, is regarded as justly due to their liberal zeal and learned diligence in promoting the knowledge of the early history and present topography of our country. Nor will we plead, as we might, that we have waited, as though bound by decorum, for a new publication to be issued by them, before we proceeded farther in reviewing their past labours. We do indeed hope, that they will ere long favour the publick with another volume; as much interest has been excited by

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* See Review, &c. of Vol. V.—Anthology for Dec. 1805, Vol. II. p. 660.

some original and valuable papers in the last numbers, particularly the Ecclesiastical History of our State; for the continuation and conclusion of which excellent performance we impatiently wait.

The true reason for this delay has been the multiplicity of claims on the attention of our coadjutors to more recent productions, of which the authors and publishers have been importunate for immediate attention.

In pursuance of the method, before used, we shall give some account of each separate article in the volume before us; entering into a more detailed criticism, or giving considerable extracts from the more important; and passing others with little farther comment, than a description of its purpose, and sometimes no more than a mere copy of its title.

Three pages of 'Remarks on *a History of Salem*' precede the 'Contents' of the more legitimate 'Collections.' These refer to the character, given in the last volume, of Roger Williams, which is here supposed to have been too favourable. Such as feel interested will compare this 'examination' with the 'history,' and also with Mr. Bentley's rejoinder in the succeeding volume. The result of what may be said on both sides is ably and faithfully reported in an after 'Collection.' See Ecc. Hist. in Vol. IX. p. 23—25.

The first article, which follows, is 'A History of Cambridge,' &c. by Dr. Holmes. This is a good specimen of the geographical, historical, and biographical knowledge and taste of the writer. The style is clear; the narrative easy; and the reflections generally correct and useful. This town justly excites the curiosity of travellers, and an account of it will generally interest readers, as the seat of the most ancient and distinguished American college. The particulars of the history, and description of the institutions of Harvard University, though not so full and minute as many of her children may desire, include much useful information. The 'Sketches' of the ministers of Cambridge exhibit talent and judgment, and will be read with much satisfaction, not only by those more immediately concerned, but by all who are curious to become acquainted with the worthies of our land. On the whole, this communication may be considered *one* of the best descriptions of towns contained in the Historical Collections, whether we regard its composition, or the information it contains. The following extracts refer to topicks of common curiosity, and will enable our readers to judge of Dr. H.'s manner of writing:

'In 1639, the first printing press, erected in New-England, was set up at Cambridge, 'by one Daye at the charge of Mr. Glover,' who died on his passage to America.* The first

* "The Reverend and judicious Mr. "Jos. Glover, being able both in per-"son and estate for the work, provided, "for further compleating the colonies, "in church and commonwealth, a "printer," &c.—*Wonder-working Providence*, X.

Nothing of Daye's printing is to be found. The press was very early in the possession of Mr. SAMUEL GREENE, who was an inhabitant of Cambridge, in 1639, and who is considered as the *first printer* in America. His descendants, in every succession to this day, have maintained the honour of the typographick art. The present printers, of that name, at New-London, and New-Haven, in Connecticut, are of his posterity. The first press was in use at Cambridge, about half a century. The last thing I can find, which issued from it, is the second edition of Eliot's Indian Bible, in 1685. Some reliques of

thing which was printed was the freeman's oath; the next was an almanack made for New-England by Mr. Pierce, mariner; the next was the Psalms newly turned into metre.†

The Ecclesiastical fathers of New-England, dissatisfied with Sternhold and Hopkins' version of the Psalms, then in common use, resolved on a new version. Some of the principal Divines in the country, among whom were Mr. Welde and Mr. Eliot, of Roxbury, and Mr. Mather of Dorchester, undertook the work. Aiming, as they well expressed it, to have 'a plain translation, rather than to smooth their verses with the sweetness of any paraphrase;' and regarding 'conscience rather than elegance, fidelity rather than poetry,' their version, it seems, was too crude to satisfy the taste of an age, neither highly refined, nor remarkably critical. Hence, Mr. Shepard, of Cambridge, addressed them with this monitory verse:

'Ye *Roxbury* poets, keep clear of the crime
Of missing to give us very good rhyme:
And you of *Dorchester* your verses lengthen,
But with the texts own words you will them strengthen.'

This Version was printed at Cambridge in 1640; but requiring, as it was judged, 'a little more art,' it was committed to President Dunster, a great master of the oriental languages, who with some assistance, revised and refined it, and brought it into that state, in which the churches of New-England used it for many subsequent years.'‡ *P.* 19.

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this press, I am informed, are still in use in the printing-office at Windsor in Vermont.

Mr. Samuel Hall, printer to the Historical Society, printed the New England Chronicle at Cambridge, from the commencement of the revolutionary war, in 1775, to the removal of the American army from Cambridge. A new printing press was set up in this town, the present year, by Mr. William Hilliard, a son of my worthy predecessor in the ministry.

† *Winthrop's Journal.*

‡ The Rev. Mr. Prince, of Boston, observed, that, when he was last in England, in 1717, he found this Version

The following expression, in note on p. 9, surprised us much: —'Chicketawbu was the sagamore of Neponcett, *which could not have been far from Boston*,' &c. The river *Neponsit* is that which separates Dorchester and Milton.

'A Review of the military operations in North-America, from the commencement of the French hostilities on the frontiers of Virginia, in 1753, to the surrender of Oswego, in 1758,' &c.

This letter, which is said, in a note, to be from the late Governour Livingston, and his friends Smith and Scott, is a masterly production. It comprizes a view of the ambitious and tyrannical projects and attempts of the French; a character of those who most ably and successfully opposed their designs; with a statement of the importance of the colonies to the mother country; in a strain of eloquence and argument, which would do honour to any statesman. It abounds with those profound political remarks, which indicate deep wisdom and thorough reflection; and with those brilliant illustrations, which display a rapid imagination and a cultivated taste. If we consulted our own recollection, of passages which evince these powers, we should present for the gratification of our readers very copious extracts. One, we trust, will induce such, as conveniently can, to peruse the original; and room cannot be afforded to satiate the curiosity of

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" was by some eminent congregations " there preferred to all others in their " publick worship." I find the eighteenth edition of this Version printed with the Bible at Edinburgh, in 1741; and the twenty-third (I suppose New-England) edition, printed at Boston in 1730. The Rev. Mr. Prince revised and improved this New-England Version, in 1758.

others. The following observations on Mr. De Lancey's advancement will probably be applied to other characters and after-events in our country :

'Should it now be inquired, Must not a man, so extremely popular, be necessarily possessed of eminent virtue, and warmly devoted to the weal of the people, who thus cordially resound his fame, submit to his control, and agree to adorn his triumph? The question can only come from a novice in history, and a stranger to mankind. In the judgment of your Lordship, who is deeply read in both, I am confident that popularity is no indication of merit. With the deluded multitude the best men are often unpopular; the most pernicious, extolled and adored. The people are ever ready to be bewitched, cheated, and enslaved, by a powerful, crafty seducer: and, what is worse, ever ready to sacrifice whoever would disabuse and release them. The same people who could, without emotion, behold a Sidney bleeding in defence of publick liberty, could commit a riot in rescuing a Sacheverel for preaching sedition and subverting the nation. Your Lordship remembers, that Massanello, in the short space of ten days, was a poor fisherman, a popular incendiary, a sovereign viceroy, stripped of his honours, treated like a malefactor, knocked on the head, and thrown into a ditch. Who in fine was more popular than the pestilent Claudius, except, perhaps, the more pestilent Cataline? It was, therefore, well observed by the protector Cromwell, that the very men, who followed him with acclamations and torrents of flattery, would, with the same demonstrations of joy, accompany him to the gallows.' *P.* 85.

'Description of Wiscasset,' &c. by Alden Bradford, Esq. A short but pleasant and useful account of this place, and the adjacent country and waters.

P. 171. 'Witham Marsh's Journal of the Treaty held with the Six Nations, &c. at Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, June, 1744.'— There is much humour in the diary of his journey from Annapolis to Lancaster, and back. The register of proceedings respecting the treaty is conspicuous, and interspersed with many characteristick anecdotes of the Indians and others. The contrast between the place, as he has well described it, and what it now is, must be very striking to those, who have seen this flourishing city.

P. 202. 'List of Publick Offices, &c. in Maryland.'

P. 203. 'Union of the British American Colonies, as proposed in the year 1754.'

P. 207. 'Report of the Committee, chosen by the General Assembly of Connecticut, respecting the foregoing,' &c.

P.210. 'TheReasons considered and offered, by the Assembly of the Colony of Connecticut, concerning the Plan of Union,' &c.

P.215. 'Petitions and Representations from Members of the Church of England, in Boston, for Bishops.'

These several documents may amuse the antiquary, and assist the future historian of our country.

P. 219. 'An Account of the Trade,' &c. of Newfoundland, in 1799.

P.220. Number of British subjects in the colonies, &c. 1755.

Bill for better regulating of Charter and Proprietary Governments, &c.

P. 222. Dedications to Rev. J. Eliot's Indian Bible, printed at Cambridge, New England, by Samuel Green and Marmaduke Johnson. 1663.

'The following dedications to the translation of the old and new testament in the indian language, by the celebrated ELIOT, are great curiosities. Such were annexed only to the few copies sent to England: and are of course the *very scarce* appendages of a *very scarce* book. Of six copies of the indian bible, which I have seen, no one

possessed these dedications. The following were taken from a mutilated copy, used in a barber's shop for waste paper. From this intended destruction they were eagerly snatched, by the hand which writes this, *as truly valuable relicks.*'

P. 228. 'Sir Thomas Temple's Apology for Coinage in Massachusetts.' A candid and respectful correction of Dr. Robertson; enlivened with this amusing extract from Memoirs of Hollis:

'Sir Thomas Temple, brother to Sir William Temple, resided several years in New-England during the interregnum. After the restoration, when he returned to England, the king sent for him, and discoursed with him on the state of affairs in the Massachusetts, and discovered great warmth against that colony. Among other things, he said they had invaded his prerogative by coining money. Sir Thomas, who was a real friend to the colony, told his majesty, that the colonists had but little acquaintance with law, and that they thought it no crime to make money for their own use. In the course of the conversation, Sir Thomas took some of the money out of his pocket, and presented it to the king. On one side of the coin was a pine tree, of that kind which is thick and bushy at the top. Charles asked what tree that was? Sir Thomas informed him it was the royal oak, which preserved his majesty's life. This account of the matter brought the king into good humour, and disposed him to hear what Sir Thomas had to say in their favour, calling them a "parcel of honest dogs."

P. 231. 'Inquiry relative to his Majesty's Colony of Connecticut, 1773, with the Answers by the Governour, &c. 1774.' This State happily has experienced no revolution in its government; the following *is* therefore accurate history, though some verbal alterations may be the proper consequence of posterior changes in the state of our nation:

'Q. VI. What is the constitution of the government?

VI. The constitution of the government, by royal charter, is a legislative power vested in the general assembly, which consists of the governour, or in his absence the deputy-governour, and twelve assistants (called the upper house); and representatives, not exceeding two from each town, chosen by the freemen of the respective towns they represent, (called the lower house.)

No act is valid without the joint concurrence of both houses: they make laws, institute judicatories, appoint judges, and other necessary officers, who are sworn to a faithful discharge of their trust. A general assembly is holden agreeable to royal charter, in May and October, annually; and at other times when called by the governour, or in his absence the deputy-governour, on any emergency.' *P.* 234.

'XXI. The civil officers of the colony are: the governour, deputy-governour, and twelve assistants, annually chosen in May, by the freemen of the colony, and take their several and respective corporal oaths, according to our royal charter: at the same time is chosen and sworn according to law, a treasurer and secretary. By law are established one superiour court, whereof is one chief judge, and four other judges; which court is held in each county twice in a year: an inferiour or county court in each county, whereof is one judge, and two or more justices of the quorum: courts of probate in eighteen districts, whereof is one judge in each district: justices of the peace for each county, whereof there is one or more in each town: one sheriff, and one king's attorney in each county.' *P.* 238.

P. 239. 'Some Account of the severe Drought in 1749, from a MS. of Mr. James Blake, of Dorchester.' This gentleman was a very minute annalist and sensible remarker.

P. 241. 'Grand Jury's Bill against Mary Osgood.' Presentment for *witchcraft* and *league with the devil!*

P. 242. 'Biographical Notice of Rev. James Noyes, first minister of Newbury.'

'A Description and Historical Account of the Isles of Shoals.'—From this very interesting narra-

tive much information and gratification may be derived.

'These islands, in former times, were in a very respectable and flourishing state. The inhabitants were industrious, prudent, temperate, and regular and decent in their attendance on the institutions of religion. They had magistrates and other officers annually chosen by the people, to execute their wholesome laws and regulations; and to maintain order and peace in the society. The inhabitants were respectful, kind, and generous to their minister: and considering the nature of their employment, and their consequent habits, they dwelt together in a good degree of harmony. Such appears to have been the prosperous and happy state of the inhabitants of these islands, particularly during the ministry of Mr. Tucke. This good man died, deeply and universally lamented, on the 12th of August, 1773.' *P.* 257.

'From the dispersion of the inhabitants of these isles in 1775 till November 14, 1800, the few, who remained, had lived for the most part, without law or order, destitute of the means of religious or moral instruction, and had of course, degenerated into a pitiable state of ignorance, poverty, anarchy, and wickedness. At the period last mentioned, when their new meeting house was dedicated, the inhabitants assembled, and, by the written compact annexed, formed themselves into a social state, and, in a formal manner, pledged themselves to abide by certain regulations, and elected two of their number, as assessors, who, with the missionary, for the time being, were invested with the power to carry said compact into effect.

In consequence of all these things, these islands are renovating in their appearance; and a hope is entertained, that they will soon rise to their former state of regularity, and respectability. Should Massachusetts and New-Hampshire cede their right in these islands to the U.States (a plan which some have contemplated), and the federal government should think it expedient to establish them as a *free port*, and form a harbour, and erect the necessary fortifications and lights, they would soon become a place of much importance to the United States.' *P.* 260.

P. 262. 'Ecclesiastical History of Massachusetts,' &c. This is the commencement of a work, long wanted and expected. If general conjecture be correct respecting the author, it could not be in abler or more diligent hands. A subject of this important nature, the execution of which, as far as it has been prosecuted, reflects honour both on the society and the individual, merits more full discussion, than can well be allowed in the closing part of an article already tediously long. Reserving then our comments, for the Continuation of this History in an after volume, we close this notice with the earnest and respectful wish, *I pede fausto.*

ART. 35.

A poem on the restoration of learning in the east, which obtained Mr. Buchannan's prize. By Charles Grant, M. A. fellow of Magdalen college.

Nec remorantur ibi; sic rerum summa novatur
Semper. LUCR.

Salem, Cushing and Appleton. 1807. 8*vo.*

THIS poem we have not read with unmingled delight. Separate from its imperfections, which are scarcely worth regarding, the perusal of it excites many a painful sensation. Allowing the poet to have struck the sweetest and the boldest strains, yet are they not less mournful, than delightful to the soul. If his subject demanded the full flow of his verse, it is one with which so many unpleasant recollections are associated, that the tear of pity might moisten the eye, while the melody of numbers enraptures the ear. While he deplores the persecuting bigotry of Arungzebe, the irruption and rav-

ages of Nadir, we cannot but mourn over 'ill-fated India;' and when the poet celebrates 'the restoration of literature in the east,' we cannot help inquiring, with whom is it restored? What poet now sings 'in the full melody of Sanscreet rhyme'? What learned Pandeet has Hindostan now to boast? Their glory has departed, and another people have usurped it. These are reflections, which almost involuntarily arise, when even the name of India meets the ear. But this is not the poet's fault, and whatever censure we may pass upon his work, we trust, will not be considered as arising from that state of our feelings, produced by the emotions that arise in our bosoms for miseries, which he had no hand in producing.

The poem, now under consideration, we are, on the whole, pleased with; though in some parts uninteresting and unequal in its merit. There are beautiful passages and lines scattered throughout it; some wherein boldness of imagination is displayed, and others which tell you that the poet's ear is tuned to melody. After giving the character of Arungzebe, one of the ravagers of the east, and the manner in which he spent his earlier years as an austere and gloomy recluse, he proceeds:

'Thus, by fell visions rous'd, th' usurper springs
Fierce from his lair, to lap the blood of kings.
Go, count thy spoils, thy trophies grim rehearse,
Three brothers murder'd, and a father's curse.
Go, rear the musnud o'er the gasping mound
Of trampled hosts, while India weeps around:
On Hindoo shrines thy bigot fury pour,
And quench the darts of sharp remorse in gore:
'Tis done.
The despot, thron'd in blood, presides
O'er havock's work, and all the ruin guides,
As from the realms that own stern Yama's* sway,
Some fierce Aswra rushes to the day;
While swift his wheels divide the deeps on high,
The clouds, like wreaths of foam, around them fly:
Wide as he glares, his eyeballs scatter woe,
And terrour lightens from his clanging bow.' *P.* 7.

After speaking of Nadir Shah, and relating his desolating progress, he has these beautiful lines, referring to the civil discord which immediately succeeded:

'Beneath th' usurper's frantick sceptre bow'd,
How droop thy hallow'd vales, romantick Oude:
Bahar wears mournfully the servile chains,
And tyranny o'erwhelms fair Hoogley's plains.
Ah, beauteous Cashmere, love's enchanting vale!
What new Abdallah† shall thy woes bewail?' *P.* 11.

We might extract other passages, which would convince us that the author has the feelings of a poet; and many lines equal in sweetness to this:

'Where health on Tabriz breathes with all her gales.' *P.* 11.

The author has a happy talent of inserting proper names, without roughening his verses; and his rhymes are, with scarce any exception, correct. Yet he has some lines, that are forced and harsh; in a few he borders on prose, and in others 'professus grandia, turget.'

It is observable, that in subjects of this nature, there are a set of

* Yama, the judge of hell. The Aswras, or evil genii, under his dominion.

† A celebrated poet, who died A.D. 1520.

similes resorted to, which resemble those celebrated beauties who continue to be toasts after several changes of admirers, as a mere matter of course. To these our poet has, with great independence, refused to pay court. He seems judiciously to have avoided an excursion into that region of metaphor, whose air has been so long and so often breathed, that it has become too rarified, either to impart or to preserve vitality. Yet even in the few which he has introduced, he has not been very successful. The two following are rather awkwardly expressed :

'Still social war, in gloomy wrath array'd,
Succeeds the fury of the Persian blade ;
As when the lightning rush'd along the wind,
Touch'd by its stroke the mountain flames behind.' *P.* 11.

The meaning is, that civil contentions arose after the rage of foreign war had ceased.

'The classick graces fly their cherish'd shade.
Oft their bright train, ere yet the war arise,
E'en from its distant rumour shrinks and flies :
So ere it touch the steel, the solar ray
Plays off from the keen edge, and glides away.' *P.* 26.

This, though more perspicuous than the former, is rather too far-fetched to be pleasing. There sometimes occurs one of those sweet sounding unintelligibles, which often serve to eke out a love song. As,

'Nor pensive love-notes soothe the plane-tree shade.' *P.* 12.

'Pleasure is grief but smiling to destroy,
And what is sorrow but the ghost of joy ?' *P.* 33.

Sir W. Jones is described with propriety :

'Profound to reason, or to charm us gay,
Learn'd without pride, *and not too wise to pray !*' *P.* 30.

While recounting the arts and sciences in which India flourished, he treats them thus unhandsomely :

'Astronomy her high career begun,
And bade him rise from earth, to watch the sun ;
To purify with pity and with dread,
Sage tragedy her moral lesson spread ;
And history round her curious glances cast,
And the future reason'd from the past.
While Valmic's epick song, with heavenly art,
Inspir'd, dilated all the generous heart.' *P.* 15.

It reminds us of one, who feels it his duty to invite certain persons to his house, from whose company he had much rather be excused, and, after all, cannot treat them with common civility. These, however, are succeeded by much finer lines :

'Nor less inspired and bold, in later time,
Flow'd the full melody of Sanscreet rhyme,
Which tells what hosts on Kirket's plains engaged,
What ruthless wars fraternal chieftains wag'd.
Here the fierce Kooroos all their thunders pour,
Bheems' dreadful shell, and Bheeshma's lion roar,' &c. *P.* 16.

The plan of this poem is what might very naturally suggest itself. The first part of the poem describes the degraded state of Hindoo literature during the latter part of the last century. A transition is then made to its ancient splendour, during the period when India was governed by her native kings ; and the last part is taken up in celebrating the revival of learning on the banks of the Ganges, under the auspices of the English. There

is a great deal of information displayed in it; and although not the noblest performance of genius, it rises far above mediocrity. The poet's ear will sometimes be offended, but it will much oftener be gratified: the critick may now and then have occasion to knit his brow, but his good humour will quickly be restored.

ARTICLE 23.

(Continued.)

Memoirs of Dr. Joseph Priestley, to the year 1795, *written by himself; with a continuation to the time of his decease, by his son, Joseph Priestley: and observations on his writings, by Thomas Cooper, president judge of the 4th district of Pennsylvania: and the Rev. William Christie.* Northumberland, Penn. printed by J. Binns. 1806.

THE next part of this work comprises the view and analysis of Dr. Priestley's works, by Mr. Cooper and Mr. Christie. Before we proceed to this part of the book, we shall offer some remarks, suggested by the memoirs, of which we have given a sketch. These memoirs contain, besides the facts related, his, and his biographers' opinions and assertions upon different subjects, and an exhibition of the character and principles of Dr. Priestley, entitled to notice. They insist that Dr. P.'s place is high on the scale of moral worth. It cannot be denied that he possessed many amiable dispositions, and practised many virtues. He was a devout worshipper of GOD, in the character in which he conceived him. In the conduct of his studies and pursuits, and in his literary and scientifick labours in general, views of publick utility appeared to predominate over those of fame or profit. His life gave ample proofs of sincerity, disinterestedness, and probity. He was always temperate, and frequently abstinent.—He was invariably diligent in the use of his time and talents; and never felt the leaden weight of sloth, nor deferred his task from an indisposition to perform it. He observes that he had oftener occasion to blame himself for anticipating, than for delaying the business that was before him. Whether it was a sanguine temperament, or an uncommon superiority to selfish considerations, that induced him to promulgate and to express all his opinions, without any regard to consequences, or any care how much the prejudices of men might be shocked, or their feelings exacerbated, we need not determine. He always persisted to believe that every subject is open to discussion; and that nothing, which any man thinks true or useful, need be suppressed in concession to the imbecility or depravity of human nature. According to him, it is lawful to instruct the subjects of a monarchy, that kings are the scourges of heaven; the citizens of a republick, that they would show their wisdom by choosing a king; and the members of an ecclesiastical establishment, that every such establishment ought to fall, and must fall. He deems himself injured and persecuted, by having been considered unfriendly to his own country, merely for writing against the wisdom and utility of its institutions. For he insists, that though a revolution is an evil, the continuance of abuses is a greater evil; and that the mischiefs of putting down a bad system, are too temporary and trifling to be balanced against the chance of a glorious and happy result of the experiment. In allowing the right

of investigation to all parties, he is more liberal than all the champions of the people in this country, where the people have the whole power. Here we are given to understand, that though the institution of kings, and dukes, and bishops, may be treated with every freedom, yet a denial of the divine right of republicanism, is treason. There are certain "primary principles, which constitute the leading, essential, distinguishing features of an elective republick, which are to be treated with solemn reverence, and supported by a religious respect."

Dr. P. and his friends demand for him, the praise of candour, and a readiness to acknowledge mistakes. His steadfast adherence to his long received and long cherished opinions and theories in philosophy, amidst all the new causes of doubt or disbelief, which appeared, might perhaps consist with these qualities. For he himself taught, that the understanding, not less than the affections and actions, is subject to the influence of habit; and that reasoning is feeble against inveterate modes of thinking. Dr. P. is sometimes contemptuous in argument, and seems to think a certain degree of that 'high seasoning of controversy,' which he complained of in Dr. Horseley, is to be allowed. Yet he confesses that he was more sarcastick and disrespectful in his remarks on the Scotch metaphysicians, than, upon reflection, he approves. In one class of subjects, his feelings seem to have blinded his judgment; his pride or resentment to have prevailed against his reason, or he would have discovered less pertinacity in adhering to the last to the political sentiments and revolutionary theories, which he formerly adopted. Events had so completely refuted them; his confident prediction of the good issue of the French revolution had been so completely disappointed and shamed, that it appears to us the mind must be made of stubborn stuff, or consigned to the despotism of party and passion, which could refuse to admit the delusiveness of its former speculations. He expresses no astonishment, and exhibits no humiliation, that he espoused with ardour the French revolution; as though its atrocities were not involved in its principles; and speaks as though he had reason to be proud of the invitation to be a member of the national convention.

In the offices and relations, which Dr. P. sustained, he exemplified the greatest diligence and fidelity. As a minister, he was laborious and attentive. He particularly bent his efforts to the formation of religious sentiments and moral habits in the young; and bestowed great pains on this part of his charge, by lectures and catachetical instructions, in addition to the weekly services, in which the whole congregation were concerned. As a schoolmaster and professor, he was indefatigable and patient, and spared no exertion to produce in his pupils the utmost improvement, of which they were capable. He is known to have been amiable and affectionate in the intercourse of private and domestick life. He and his biographers aim to vindicate his character as a citizen. They are highly displeased that he was not considered a good subject in his own country, and that his political sentiments and associations made him invidious to any persons in this. But it cannot be denied, that the complexion of many of his publications, and the proceedings of many of his friends in England, were of a nature to excite alarm

and disgust; especially after the scenes exhibited in France, scenes which made humanity shudder and reason recoil, and compelled every civilized government to tremble for its existence, and every enlightened advocate of liberty to abhor revolution. He said he was peaceable, whilst, at the same time, he was laying a train, that, if it took effect, would destroy and lay waste society. He was a severe sufferer by the brutal fury of the mob at Birmingham. But it would have been right, if he had seen himself condemned of a gross disregard of caution, however pure were his intentions, in this exhibition of the temper of an inflamed populace. The excesses, which occasioned him such terrour and mischief, and were near costing him his life, were the same in kind as those which his friends celebrated with triumph, and the same as his principles and opinions, operating as they might have done on the popular passions, would have spirited the multitude to commit against the friends of the court and the establishment.

It is ascribed to a change of politicks in this country, a change which the son calls disgraceful to America, that Dr. P.'s political character sunk in the esteem of the federal party. This is said without foundation. The enlightened men of this party never respected Dr. P. for the part he took relating to the French revolution, or for his countenance of the spirit of innovation and change in England. They had no confidence in his theories about popular rights and civil polity; and they knew from the first, that he did not understand the nature of our governments. But they honoured him for his virtues as a man, and his merits as a philosopher; and whilst he forbore to interfere in politicks, they were desirous he should live here in quiet and reputation. But when, at a time that France was heaping indignities and injuries upon our country, and intriguing with the people against the government, he joined with her partizans in their festive celebrations; when he retained among his intimates one of the defamers of our tried statesmen, and preachers of sedition; when he appeared so weak or so perverse, as to lend his name to the unfounded and profligate slanders of the Washington and Adams administration, he indeed lost much of the regard of the federalists. Although we have no idea that the alien law was made with any particular reference to him, as he supposes, or that Mr. Adams had any intention of sending him out of the country, we admit that his conduct produced the alienation and regret of many, who had before held him in much consideration.

In these memoirs much pains are taken to show, that Dr. P. had reason to be satisfied with his reception in this country, and was not disappointed in his expectations of the state of things here. When he first arrived, he paid lavish encomiums upon our constitutions, and upon the people; and he continued in this strain for several years. A letter written in October, 1796, gives a very flattering account of the Americans. Yet, in a *Maxim of political Arithmetick*, published in Feb. 1798, we find a different tone. The following passage deserves to be quoted:

'A stranger naturally expects to find a greater simplicity of manners, and more virtue, in this *new country*, as it is called, than in the old ones. But a nearer acquaintance with it, will convince him, that, considering how easily subsistence is procured here, and consequently how few incitements there

are to the vices of the lower classes especially, there is less virtue as well as less knowledge, than in most of the countries of Europe. In many parts of the United States there is also less religion, at least of a rational and useful kind. And where there is no sense of religion, no fear of God, or respect to a future state, there will be no good morals that can be depended upon. Laws may restrain the excesses of vice, but they cannot impart the principles of virtue.' *P.* 446.

If 'universal suffrage,' so much relied on by these gentlemen, for securing all that a good man should wish for a country, will not secure knowledge, nor virtue, nor religion, more effectually than the hereditary governments of Europe, on what accounts is it entitled to preference? And what become of republican visions?

When we consider the multiplicity and variety of Dr. P.'s pursuits, and the number of his works, we naturally inquire by what means he accomplished so much. In composition he generally contented himself with being perspicuous, and spent no time upon the graces of writing. Still many of his works must have required great labour and research. His mind possessed great 'compass and versatility.' To abilities indisputably superiour, he joined uncommon industry, activity, dispatch, and method. The following selections from the memoirs, will furnish interesting information respecting the cast of his mind, his modes of study, and habits of life:

'I have particular reason to be thankful for a happy temperament of body and mind, both derived from my parents. My father, grandfather, and several branches of the family, were remarkably healthy, and long lived; and though my constitution has been far from robust, and was much injured by a consumptive tendency, or rather an ulcer in the lungs, the consequence of improper conduct of myself when I was at school (being often violently heated with exercise, and as often imprudently chilled by bathing, &c.) from which with great difficulty I recovered, it has been excellently adapted to that studious life which has fallen to my lot.

'I have never been subject to headachs, or any other complaints that are peculiarly unfavourable to study. I have never found myself less disposed, or less qualified, for mental exertions of any kind at one time of the day more than another; but all seasons have been equal to me, early or late, before dinner or after, &c. And so far have I been from suffering by my application to study, (which however has never been so close or intense as some have imagined) that I have found my health improving from the age of eighteen to the present time; and never have I found myself more free from any disorder than at present. I must, however, except a short time preceding and following my leaving Lord Shelburne, when I laboured under a bilious complaint, in which I was troubled with gall stones, which sometimes gave me exquisite pain. But by confining myself to a vegetable diet, I perfectly recovered; and I have now been so long free from the disorder that I am under no apprehension of its return.

'It has been a singular happiness to me, and a proof, I believe, of a radically good constitution, that I have always slept well, and have awaked with my faculties perfectly vigorous, without any disposition to drowsiness. Also, whenever I have been fatigued with any kind of exertion, I could at any time sit down and sleep; and whatever cause of anxiety I may have had, I have almost always lost sight of it when I have got to bed; and I have generally fallen asleep as soon as I have been warm.*

'I even think it an advantage to me, and am truly thankful for it, that my health received the check that it did when I was young; since a muscular habit from high health, and strong spir-

* My father was an early riser. He never slept more than six hours. He said he did not remember having lost a whole night's sleep but once, though when awake he often had to suffer much from pain and sickness, as well as from other circumstances of a very afflictive nature.

its, are not, I think, in general accompanied with that sensibility of mind, which is both favourable to piety, and to speculative pursuits.*

'To a fundamentally good constitution of body, and the being who gave it me, I owe an even cheerfulness of temper, which has had but few interruptions.' *pp.* 101-2-3.

Yet, notwithstanding these advantages, he seems to have laboured under some peculiar defects:

'As I have not failed to attend to the phenomena of my own mind, as well as to those of other parts of nature, I have not been insensible of some great defects, as well as some advantages, attending its constitution; having from an early period been subject to a most humbling failure of recollection, so that I have sometimes lost all ideas of both persons and things, that I have been conversant with. I have so completely forgotten what I have myself published, that in reading my own writings, what I find in them often appears perfectly new to me, and I have more than once made experiments, the results of which had been published by me.

'I shall particularly mention one fact of this kind, as it alarmed me much at the time, as a symptom of all my mental powers totally failing me, until I was relieved by the recollection of things of a similar nature having happened to me before. When I was composing the *Dissertations* which are prefixed to my *Harmony of the Gospels*, I had to ascertain something which had been the subject of much discussion relating to the Jewish passover, (I have now forgotten what it was) and for that purpose had to consult, and compare several writers. This I accordingly did, and digested the result in the compass of a few paragraphs, which I wrote in short hand. But having mislaid the paper, and my attention having been drawn off to other things, in the space of a fortnight I did the same thing over again; and should never have discovered that I had done it twice, if, after the second paper was transcribed for the press, I had not accidentally found the former, which I viewed with a degree of terrour.

'Apprized of this defect, I never fail to note down as soon as possible every thing that I wish not to forget. The same failing has led me to devise, and have recourse to, a variety of mechanical expedients, to secure and arrange my thoughts, which have been of the greatest use to me in the composition of large and complex works; and what has excited the wonder of some of my readers, would only have made them smile if they had seen me at work. But by simple and mechanical methods one man shall do that in a month, which shall cost another, of equal ability, whole years to execute. This methodical arrangement of a large work is greatly facilitated by mechanical methods, and nothing contributes more to the perspicuity of a large work, than a good arrangement of its parts.'

pp. 105-6-7.

'Though I have often composed much in a little time, it by no means follows that I could have done much in a given time. For whenever I have done much business in a short time, it has always been with the idea of having time more than sufficient to do it in; so that I have always felt myself at ease, and I could have done nothing, as many can, if I had been hurried.

'Knowing the necessity of this state of my mind to the dispatch of business, I have never put off any thing to the last moment; and instead of doing that on the morrow which ought to be done to-day, I have often blamed myself for doing to-day what had better have been put off until to-morrow; precipitancy being more my fault than procrastination.

It has been a great advantage to me, that I have never been under the necessity of retiring from company in order to compose any thing. Being fond of domestick life, I got a habit of writing on any subject by the parlour fire, with my wife and children about me, and occasionally talking to them, without experiencing any inconvenience from such interruptions. Nothing but reading, or speaking without interruption, has been any obstruction to me. For I could not help attending (as some can) when others spoke in my hearing. These are useful habits, which studious persons in general might acquire,

....

* Though not a muscular man, he went through great exertion at various times of his life with activity. He walked very firmly, and expeditiously.

if they would; and many persons greatly distress themselves, and others, by the idea, that they can do nothing except in perfect solitude or silence.'

p. 109.

'It was while my father was at the academy that he commenced a practice which he continued until within three or four days of his death, of keeping a diary, in which he put down the occurrences of the day; what he was employed about, where he had been, and particularly an exact account of what he had been reading, mentioning the names of the authors, and the number of pages he read, which was generally a fixed number, previously determined upon in his own mind. He likewise noted down any hints suggested by what he read in the course of the day. It was his custom at the beginning of each year to arrange the plan of study that he meant to pursue that year, and to review the general situation of his affairs, and at the end of the year he took an account of the progress he had made, how far he had executed the plan he had laid down, and whether his situation exceeded or fell short of the expectations he had formed.' *p.* 176.

'But what principally enabled him to do so much was regularity, for it does not appear that at any period of his life he spent more than six or eight hours per day in business that required much mental exertion. I find in the same diary, which I have quoted from above, that he laid down the following daily arrangement of time for a minister's studies: Studying the Scriptures 1 hour. Practical writers half an hour. Philosophy and History 2 hours. Classicks half an hour. Composition 1 hour—in all 5 hours. He adds below, "All which may be conveniently dispatched before dinner which leaves the afternoon for visiting and company, and the evening for exceeding in any article if there be occasion. Six hours not too much, nor seven."

It appears by his diary that he followed this plan at that period of his life. He generally walked out in the afternoon or spent it in company. At that time there was a society or club that assembled twice a week, at which the members debated questions, or took it in turn to deliver orations, or read essays of their own composition. When not attending these meetings, he most generally appears to have spent the evening in company with some of the students in their chambers.

It was by the regularity and variety of his studies, more than by intenseness of application that he performed so much more than even studious men generally do. At the time he was engaged about the most important works, and when he was not busily employed in making experiments, he always had leisure for company, of which he was fond. He never appeared hurried, or behind hand. He however never carried his complaisance so far as to neglect the daily task he had imposed upon himself; but as he was uniformly an early riser, and dispatched his more serious pursuits in the morning, it rarely happened but that he could accomplish the labours assigned for the day, without having occasion to withdraw from visitors at home, or society abroad, or giving reason to suppose that the company of others was a restraint upon his pursuits.

This habit of regularity extended itself to every thing that he read, and every thing he did that was susceptible of it. He never read a book without determining in his own mind when he would finish it. Had he a work to transcribe, he would fix a time for its completion. This habit increased upon him as he grew in years, and his diary was kept upon the plan I have before described, till within a few days of his death.'

p. 186—188.

The Appendices, which treat of the writings of Dr. P. are next to be considered.

ART. 37.

A Sermon delivered before the Governour, the honourable Council, and both branches of the Legislature of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, on the day of general election, May 27, 1807. *By William Bentley, A. M. minister of the second church in Salem.* Boston, Adams & Rhoades.

OBSCURITY is said, by the critics to be one source of the sublime. It is unlucky for the rev-

erend author of the election sermon, that it is not the only source; for in that case, however unintelligible, he might have enjoyed the credit of producing a most sublime performance.

Pope observes, that, 'true, no meaning puzzles more than wit'; and we must fairly acknowledge, that no offspring of the press, which we have yet perused, has been involved in such impenetrable obscurity as this sermon. The poetry of Lycophron is clear and intelligible, compared with the prose of Mr. Bentley. We have read it, and re-read it; we have transposed and analyzed its sentences. But in vain.

——ibi omnis
Effusus labor.
Ipse diem noctemque negat discernere cœlo,
——involvit caligine cœca
Prospectum eripiens oculis.

Mr. Bentley early obtained, and had long enjoyed, the reputation of a great scholar. He had holden a distinguished rank among the American *literati*; and a democratick congress considered themselves as paying a compliment to learning, when they chose for their chaplain the *Minister of the second church in Salem.* But whence was this fame derived? What evidence have the world ever received of the superiour talents of Bentley? This question is not easily answered. The reputation for great parts is very oddly acquired in this country, where all our geese are swans, and our swans, alas! too often turn out geese.

Had Mr. Bentley been satisfied with the literary character, which ignorance and credulity bestowed on him, he might still have passed, with those who do not know him, for, what the English style, a very clever fellow. He might still have preached and prayed, in the second church of Salem, before his own enlightened congregation, without having his abilities called in question. But in an evil hour he resolved to publish. Vanity urged him on, he appeared in print, and the world were undeceived. His pen produced the opposite effect of Ithuriel's spear, and caused this literary giant to shrink, from his imaginary bulk, into a contemptible dwarf, inferiour in dimensions to the most diminutive of mortals.

But let us proceed to the sermon of this *great scholar*. The text is to be found in Deut. xxxii. 3. The sermon begins thus:

'We refer to the Hebrew scriptures for political, united with religious reflections, as *their* government combined these two objects, which the christian scriptures do not.'

Pray, Mr. Bentley, what is the government of the Hebrew scriptures? The *great scholar* proceeds,

'The religious sentiments of *all ages*, and the nature of *all religious establishments*, as well as the example of the primitive settlers of New-England, have concurred in recommending the appropriate devotions of *this day*.'

Here is a discovery! The religious sentiments of all ages, past and present, and the nature of all religious establishments, that is, the religious establishment in Judea, and the religious establishment in England, and the religious establishment in France, before and since the revolution, and every other religious establishment, in whatever part of the world, have concurred in recommending the appropriate devotions of this day. What day? Why the day of general election in Massachusetts, to be sure. The sentence can have

no other possible meaning, and the discovery does infinite honour to the ingenuity of the reverend orator.

'Such is the truth, which is *accepted* from the words of the lawgiver of the Hebrews.' *p.* 7.

Instead of *accepted*, he should have written *received*, or more forcibly still, *contained in the words*, &c. The *great scholar* is reminded, that we do accept truth, as a child accepts an orange or a piece of gingerbread, or a young lady a present from her lover.

Speaking of the first settlers in our country, he says,

'They possessed in ship-building the knowledge, which the French had communicated, and which a late English artist has rendered familiar to his countrymen.' *p.* 12.

We rather suspect, that the *great scholar* is mistaken in supposing that the French at that period excelled in ship-building, nor do we know to what English artist he refers. Sir Walter Raleigh, many years before, had written a treatise on this art, which is still extant; nor was it long before the peace of 1763 that the French built any ships of superiour excellence. The *Courageux*, captured by the *Monmouth*, a short time previous to that peace, was the first evidence, which the English received of the superiority of French naval architecture.

We would willingly, for our own amusement, and for that of the publick, make more remarks on this performance, which the author courteously styles a sermon, did not its remaining obscurity set all further criticism at defiance. We would recommend it however to the attention of all those ingenious ladies and gentlemen, who are fond of riddles, enigmas, and conundrums, humbly acknowledging our utter inability to comprehend it, and firmly believing, notwithstanding the author is *minister of the second church in Salem*, that he will never be hanged for a *witch*.

ART. 38.

The Christian Monitor, No. IV.; containing nine discourses on relative duties, and reasons for believing the truth of divine revelation. 12mo. Boston, Munroe & Francis.

IT is impossible for us to view with indifference any exertions of '*A society for the promotion of christian knowledge, piety, and charity.*' As believers in the gospel, we ardently wish the success of every endeavour which is made to extend it; and heartily approving of the views and spirit, with which the Christian Monitor is conducted, we cordially recommend it to the pious, as well adapted for edification, and to the rich and liberal for distribution.

The fourth, fifth, and sixth of these discourses are selected from the sermons of Francklin, and the eighth and ninth from those of Riddoch. The rest were never before published. A prayer and a hymn is affixed to each discourse. In a very small compass is compressed a very clear and satisfactory view of the duties of aged men, and of aged women; of husbands, of wives, and of parents; of children to parents and to each other; of superiours, and of inferiours. It is the lowest praise of a work, expressly intended to aid the progress of piety and virtue, that it is written with elegance; and the pious author, who consecrates his labours to this best of

purposes, will derive no pleasure from such commendation, compared with that, which is excited by the tendency of his efforts to accomplish the good, which he designed. Yet he, who is deliberating to what he shall direct his attention, may feel the balance in his mind to be turned by this consideration; and such we, would inform, that with a frequent glow of ardent piety, is united in these discourses a correctness and beauty, which will often gratify a fastidious taste.

We offer to our readers a single extract, by which they may form for themselves a judgment of the work.

'The arguments against polygamy and concubinage conclude with greater force against adultery. Fidelity in marriage is so primary and important a duty, that a violation of it destroys at once both root and branch of domestick felicity. There is no prospect nor chance for matrimonial happiness, where either party is unfaithful to its vows. Infidelity in either man or woman, is probably the basest falsehood, the most inexcusable folly, and the blackest injustice that, in a christian community, can be committed. In this case the hymeneal bands become like flax, which the flame has scorched. To this fidelity, husbands, you are as strongly obliged as your wives. Though the consequences of their infidelity are more horrible to society, than those of similar wickedness in you, yet remember, that you make the same promises, which are obligatory on them. If you break these promises, in the view of God and good men your infidelity is as criminal as theirs, and is justly deserving of the same damnation. Are you a son? What would be your feelings if the husband of your mother should live in adultery! Are you a father? How would your indignation rise, if the man, to whose arms you consigned a virtuous and unoffending daughter, should wander from her bed! Such, in kind, but much sharper in degree, are the miseries, which you prepare for an innocent wife, when you are false to your vows. You wound her feelings. You make her uncomfortable in herself, and an object of suspicion and reproach to the world. More: You are your own enemy. You take the direct method of alienating her affections from you, and yours from her, and thus of rendering yourself wretched. The love of your wife cannot alone make you happy; she also must possess yours. It is mutual kindness that softens the heart, and refines, sweetens, and blesses the relation. Let parents receive ever so much obedience and honour from their children, they must nevertheless themselves love their children to be happy in them. We cannot indeed be at ease in this world, unless the people with whom we associate, perform their duties to us; but our principal felicity will ever spring from the conscientious performance of our duties to them. If this remark is true with respect to other relations, it is especially so in regard to the married state. Were religion, therefore, out of the question, fidelity to your wife is your highest wisdom and best policy.'

ART. 39.

The Duties of Children. A sermon, delivered on Lord's day, April 12, 1807, to the religious society in Federal-street, Boston. By William E. Channing, A.M. minister of said society. Boston, printed by Manning & Loring. June, 1807.

THE style and sentiments of this sermon bespeak the seriousness and experience of age, the faithfulness, the sincerity, and piety, of a genuine teacher of Jesus Christ. There is no parade, no ostentatious display of brilliancy. It comes clad in the meek simplicity which characterises the language of that holy book, which the weakest understandings may comprehend. Addressed to children, it is pure and nourishing as the milk from which they were lately weaned, *as the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountain of Zion.*

CATALOGUE
OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES,
For JUNE, 1807.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.—MART.

NEW WORKS.

Sermons on various subjects, by Joseph Lathrop, D.D. pastor of the First Church in West-Springfield 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 400. Price $1,75 bound.—Springfield, Henry Brewer.

Vols. I. II. and III. of The Laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, from November 28, 1780, to February 28, 1807. With the Constitutions of the United States of America and of the Commonwealth prefixed. To which is added, at the end of the 2d volume, an Appendix, containing acts and clauses of acts from the Laws of the late Colony, Province, and State of Massachusetts, which either are unrevised or respect the title of real estate. Published by order of the General Court. 8vo. Vol. I. pp. 520; II. 1073; III. 404. Price $12 in law binding. Boston, Thomas & Andrews, and Manning & Loring. June, 1807. [Vols. I. and II. are new editions.]

Reports of Cases, decided in the Conference Court of North-Carolina. By Duncan Cameron and W. Norwood. 1 vol. $5. Raleigh, J. Gales.

A Narrative of Col. Ethan Allen's Captivity, from the time of his being taken by the British, near Montreal, Sept. 25th, 1775, to the time of his exchange, May 6th, 1778; containing his voyages and travels, with the most remarkable occurrences respecting himself, and many other continental prisoners, of different ranks and characters, which fell under his observation in the course of the same; particularly the destruction of the prisoners at New York, by General Sir William Howe, in the years 1776-7; interspersed with some political observations. Written by himself, and now published for the information of the curious in all nations, &c. &c. Troy, N. Y. Wright, Goodenow, & Stockwell.

A short Review of the late Proceedings at New-Orleans; and some Remarks upon the Bill for suspending the Privilege of the Writ of Habeas Corpus, which passed the Senate of the United States during the last session of Congress; in two Letters. By Agrestis. Charleston, S. C. Marchant, Willington, & Co.

Margaretta, or the Intricacies of the Heart, by a Lady of Philadelphia. $1. Philadelphia, S. F. Bradford.

Fashion's Analysis, or the Winter in Town, a satirical poem, by Sir Anthony Avalanche, with notes, illustrations, &c. By Gregory Glacier, Gent. Part I.—75 cts. in boards. N. York, J. Osborn.

The Boston Directory, containing the names of the inhabitants, their occupations, places of business, and dwelling-houses; with lists of the streets, lanes, and wharves; the town officers, publick offices, and banks; of the stages, which run from Boston, with the times of their arrival and departure; and a general description of the town, illustrated by a plan, drawn from actual survey. Boston, Edward Cotton. June, 1807.

A Sermon, preached before the Convention of the Congregational Ministers, in Boston, May 28, 1807. By John Reed, D.D. pastor of the First Church and Congregational Society in Bridgewater. 8vo. pp. 40. Boston, Munroe & Francis.

A Sermon, preached April 15th, 1807, to the Scholars of Derby Academy, in Hingham: at a Lecture founded by Madam Derby. By Edward Richmond, minister of Stoughton. 8vo. Boston, Munroe & Francis.

The Duties of Children. A sermon, delivered on Lord's Day, April 12, 1807, to the Religious Society in Federal-Street, Boston. By William E. Channing, A.M. minister of said Society. Published at the request of the hearers. 12mo. Boston, Manning & Loring.

A Sermon, preached before the Massachusetts Missionary Society, at their annual meeting in Boston, May 26, 1807. By Elijah Parish, A. M. pastor of the Church in Byfield. 8vo. pp. 26. Newburyport, printed by E. W. Allen, and sold by Thomas & Whipple.

A Discourse, delivered before the Members of the Female Charitable Society of Newburyport, at their 4th

anniversary, May 20, 1807. By James Miltimore, A. M. minister of the gospel in Stratham, New Hampshire. Published at the request of the managers, at whose invitation it was delivered.—8vo. Newburyport, Thomas & Whipple, publishers.

A Sermon, delivered before the Governour, the Honourable Council, and both branches of the Legislature of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on the day of General Election, May 27, 1807. By William Bentley, A.M. minister of the Second Church in Salem. 8vo. pp. 28. Boston, Adams and Rhoades, printers to the State.

A Discourse, delivered before the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company, in Boston, June 1, 1807, being the anniversary of their Election of Officers. By Thomas Baldwin, D. D. pastor of the 2d Baptist church in Boston. 8vo. 25 cts. Boston, Munroe & Francis, 10 Courtstreet.

A Sermon on the death of the Hon. William Patterson, Esq. LL.D. one of the associate justices of the supreme court of the United States. By Joseph Clark, A. M. New-Brunswick, A. Blauvelt. 1806.

A Sermon, delivered at Lebanon, in the south society, at the dedication of the new brick meeting house, Jan. 21, 1807. By William Lyman, A.M.—Hartford, Hudson & Goodwin.

A Sermon preached in Halifax, Vt. Sept. 17, 1806, at the installation of Rev. Thomas H. Wood, over the congregational church and society in that town. By Joseph Lyman, D.D. Northampton, Wm. Butler.

A view of the economy of the church of God, as it existed primitively, under the Abrahamick dispensation, and the Sinai law; and as it is perpetuated under the more luminous dispensation of the gospel; particularly in regard to the covenants. By Samuel Austin, A.M. minister of the gospel in Worcester. Worcester, Thomas & Sturtevant.

Universal Salvation a very ancient doctrine, with some account of the life and character of its author; a sermon delivered at Rutland, west parish, 1805. By Lemuel Haynes, A.M. Sixth edition. Boston, D. Carlisle. 1807.

NEW EDITIONS.

Essays, in a Series of Letters to a Friend. By John Foster. First American, from the 3d London edition. 2 volumes in 1. 12mo. Price 1$ bound. Hartford, Lincoln & Gleason.

Vol. IV. Part II. of the New Cyclopædia, or Dictionary of Arts and Sciences. By Abraham Rees. 4to. Philadelphia, S. F. Bradford; L. Blake, agent in Boston.

Volume III. of The Works of the Right Honourable Edmund Burke.—8vo. Boston, John West, 76 Cornhill, and Oliver Cromwell Greenleaf, 3 Courtsreet.

Number III. of the second Boston edition of Shakespeare's Plays. Containing Merchant of Venice, and As You Like It, with notes by Johnson, &c. 12mo. Boston, Munroe & Francis.

A Supplement to the Life of Richard Cumberland; written by himself.—12mo. pp. 40. Boston, David West, John West, and O. C. Greenleaf.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

The Life of George Washington, commander in chief of the armies of the United States of America, throughout the war which established their independence, and first president of the United States. By David Ramsay, M. D., author of The History of the American Revolution. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 400. Ornamented with an engraved Head of Washington. Price to subscribers, in boards, $2,50. Providence, Rhode-Island, E. S. Thomas.

The 2d edition of "A new system of Domestick Cookery," &c. by a Lady. 12mo. Boston, Andrews & Cummings, and L. Blake.

Boswell's Life of Johnson, vols. I. and II. 8vo. Boston, Andrews & Cummings, and L. Blake.

Burke's Works, vol. IV. Boston, J. West, and O. C. Greenleaf.

My Pocket-Book; or, Hints for a "Ryghte Merrie and Conceitede" Tour, in Quarto.—To be called "The Stranger in Ireland," in 1805. By a Knight Errant. New-York, Ezra Sargeant.

Spelling Dictionary. By Mrs. Susannah Rowson. 12mo. Boston, D. Carlisle, for John West.

Staniford's Grammar. 12mo. D. Carlisle, for J. West.

St. Clare, a novel, by Miss Owenson. Philadelphia, S. F. Bradford.

Telemachus, in French and English, and in English: Hawney's Mensuration. Philadelphia, Mathew Carey.

WORKS ANNOUNCED.

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T. S. Manning, of Philadelphia, proposes to publish by subscription in two vols. 12mo. price $2, the Novice of St. Dominick, by Miss Owenson.

Adams' Roman Antiquities, 1 large vol. 8vo. 640 pages, $3. To be published in the fall, by Mathew Carey, Philadelphia.

A volume of Sermons on important subjects: by the late Rev. and pious Samuel Davies, A.M. some time President of New-Jersey College. This is an additional volume, collected from the author's manuscripts, never published in America. To comprise 450 pages 8vo. $1,75 to subscribers. Northampton, S. & E. Butler. 1807.

Messrs. Andrews & Cummings, and Lemuel Blake, of this town, propose to reprint by subscription, A Dissertation on the Prophecies, that have been fulfilled, are now fulfilling, or may hereafter be fulfilled, relative to the great period of 1260 years; the Papal and Mohammedan apostates; the tyrannical reign of Antichrist, or the infidel power; and the restoration of the Jews. By the Rev. George Stanley Faber, B. D. vicar of Stockton-upon-Tees. In one 8vo. volume, containing upwards of 600 pages, at $2,25, boards.

Mr. Horatio G. Spafford, of Hudson, N. Y. is preparing for the press, a very useful school book, entitled 'Universal Geography, and rudiments of useful knowledge, (in a pocket volume) containing a short but comprehensive system of geography, in its several parts; together with a brief survey of the principles of natural philosophy.' The work is divided into twelve sections, arranged under general heads.

A literary gentleman, from the University of Cambridge, Eng. who arrived at Philadelphia in the autumn of last year, is employed in writing a work, which he entitles 'The Stranger in America,' to be comprised in 4 vols. 12mo. The first volume contains his observations in and near Philadelphia, during a residence of six months. The other three volumes will consist of views of society and manners in the United States, in the year 1807. Each volume will be embellished with appropriate vignette, sketches of publick buildings, &c. We understand that the first volume is already forwarded to England for immediate publication, and it will be published in Philadelphia about the month of September next.

Proposals have been issued for publishing 'The Speeches of His Excellency Caleb Strong, Esq. to the Senate and House of Representatives of Massachusetts, with their Answers and other official publick papers of His Excellency, from 1800 to 1807.' It is intended this work shall contain between 2 and 300 pages 12mo. ornamented with an accurate, engraved likeness of Mr. Strong, executed by Mr. W. Hooker, of Newburyport. The price of the volume will be $1 in boards.

Messrs. Lothian and Beals, of this town, are printing 'A Sketch of the Christian Denominations,' by John Evans, A.M. The first Boston, from the 9th London edition. This work is to be in one 12mo. volume, containing 300 pages, and embellished with an engraving, price $1,12 in extra boards.

Proposals have been issued in Ohio for publishing, in one vol. royal duodecimo, the long and interesting Trial of Charles Vattier, lately convicted of Burglary and Larceny, by stealing at various times, from the receiver of publick monies for the district of Cincinnati, large sums to the amount of many thousands of dollars, chiefly belonging to the United States.

FOREIGN LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

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GREAT-BRITAIN.

STEREOTYPE Printing has not been adopted by the booksellers of London, because it does not appear that more than twenty or thirty works would warrant the expense of being cast in solid pages; consequently the cost of the preliminary arrangements would greatly exceed the advantages to be attained. On a calculation, it has appeared to be less expensive to keep certain works standing in moveable types, in which successive editions can be improved to any degree, than to provide the means for casting the same works in solid pages, which afterwards admits of little or no revision. As the extra expense of stereotyping is in all works equal to the expense of paper for 750 copies, it is obvious that this art is

not applicable to new books, the sale of which cannot be ascertained. Although these considerations have induced the publishers of London not to prefer this art in their respective businesses, yet it has been adopted by the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford; and from the former some very beautiful editions of Common Prayer books have been issued to the publick; probably the art of stereotyping applies with greater advantage to staple works of such great and constant sale, as prayer books and bibles, than to any other.

The improvements introduced by Lord Stanhope, in the construction of printing-presses, have been applied to the greater part of the working presses of the metropolis. Other improvements have lately been developed in the art of printing, the introduction of which into practice we shall gladly announce; one of them relates to a more simple method of working presses, by which the number of pressmen would be considerably diminished; and the other to a superiour method of casting types.

The Memoirs of John Lord de Joinville, Grand Seneschal of Champagne, written by himself, and translated by Thomas Johnes, of Hafod, esq. M. P. are on the eve of publication. They contain a history of part of the life of Louis IX. King of France, surnamed St. Louis, whose contemporary and friend Joinville was, as well as his comrade in all his wars. An account of that King's expedition to Egypt in the year 1248, is included in these volumes. They contain many historical facts not noticed by any other historians, and exhibit an interesting picture of the times to which they refer. Mr. Johnes has added the notes and dissertations of M. Ducange; together with the dissertations of M. Le Baron de la Bastie on the Life of St. Louis, and of M. L'Eveque la Ravaliere, and M. Falconet, on the Assassins of Syria, from the "Memoirs de l'Academie de Belles Lettres et Inscriptions de France." Our readers will recollect that this is the second of the old French historians which has been submitted to the Hafod press in an English translation.

Mr. Johnes has also just finished The Travels of the Lord de la Broquiere, Esquire, Carver to Philippe le Bon, who returned from Jerusalem to France overland, about the year 1345, and reduced the account of his journey to writing, by command of the Duke, his master. This author, little known to the general reader, treats his subject with that naiveté so characteristic of the period to which this indefatigable translator has devoted his labours.

The Chronicles of Monstrelet, who took up his history from the year 1400, where that of Froissart ended, and brought it down to 1467, will be the next work in the series, ranging after Froissart, and forming a necessary continuation of those interesting and popular chronicles. Monstrelet gives a copious and authentick account of the civil wars between the houses of Orleans and Burgundy, the occupation of Paris and Normandy by the English, the expulsion of the latter, and other memorable events both in France and other countries. We understand that the translation of the first volume is finished, and that by great good fortune it has escaped that calamity which happened at Hafod, on Friday the 13th of March. For it will be read with very painful feelings, not only by those who have been in the habit of participating in the classical hospitalities of the place, but by all who have been drawn as strangers to explore a country which owes its redemption from wildness and from waste to the publick spirited proprietor of Hafod, and even by those who have only read the description of its beauties in the various tours of Wales, that this noble mansion has just been destroyed by fire. The misfortune is too recent for any very minute particulars to have reached the metropolis. But we much fear that the mischief is most extensive, and, in many instances, irreparable, though not extending to the loss of life.

The books in the lower part of the library are many of them, we will hope all, saved; but the gallery was inaccessible, from the circumstance of the fire breaking out above stairs, and close by it, and in that gallery were some of the most rare books in that curious and extensive collection. A complete series of all the romances mentioned by Don Quixotte, as composing his library, are probably in the number of the irreparable losses. The pictures are many of them, saved, but the invaluable painted glass in the anti-library must necessarily have been destroyed. Mr. Johnes was in London, in obedience to the call of the House, at the time of the accident. On receiving the intelligence he immediately hastened to his family, who had been obliged to remove to the inn at Devil's Bridge. Buoyed up with thankfulness for their providential preservations, he left town, bearing, though feeling his calamity, like a man.

With that enthusiasm which has led him to devote his life and fortune to the creation of a paradise out of a wilderness, he means still to inhabit his Eden in spite of this flaming minister, and still to divide his rural leisures between agricultural improvements and literary labours. Men in general would think it late in life to set to work a second time; but we still hope to see a Phœnix rise from the ashes, and to announce Monstrelet and Comines from the same press which has already produced Froissart, Joinville, and le Brocquiere. By way of sequel to Comines, and to complete the series, Mr. Johnes proposes concluding with the Memoirs of Oliver de la Marche, which are very entertaining, and furnish many curious facts. Other private memoirs of those times will be interspersed, to serve as illustrations.

We have to announce to the admirers of fine books, that two magnificent editions of Gil Blas are in preparation, the one in the original French, the other in English, both under the superintendance of Mr. Malkin, author of the Scenery, Antiquities, and Biography of South Wales, and several other works, who has undertaken to supply the deficiencies of the English edition, under the name of Smollet, by an entirely new translation. Should this be executed with spirit and fidelity, it will furnish what has so long been wanted, an appropriate English dress for the best novel which was ever written. These two editions are to be printed uniformly, in the best manner. They will be illustrated with plates, executed by the first engravers, from pictures painted by that admirable delineator of life and manners, Robert Smirke, Esq. R. A. In such hands it may be presumed that this work will rival the most elegant productions of the press, in an age when the arts of printing and engraving are carried to so great a degree of perfection.

A very interesting work, by a member of the University of Oxford, will speedily appear in three volumes, under the title of 'Oxoniana,' consisting of anecdotes and facts relative to the colleges, libraries, and establishments of Oxford; with extracts from, and accounts of, the curious unpublished manuscripts with which that university abounds; accounts of celebrated members, professors, &c. so as to comprise a history of the rise and progress of that ancient seat of learning.

Dr. Charles Fothergill is now engaged in preparing a work for the press, which can scarcely fail to excite very general interest. With a view of clearing up some doubtful points in the Zoology of Great-Britain, he last spring made a voyage to all the northern isles, comprehending the Orcades, Shetland, Fair Isle, and Fulda, and remained amongst them during the greatest part of the year, employed in the investigation of their natural history, antiquities, state of their agriculture and fisheries, political importance, manners, customs, condition, past and present state, &c. &c.; a general and particluar ac-

count of which will shortly be given to the publick, accompanied by maps and numerous engravings; containing the fullest and completest description that has yet been published of those remote and hitherto neglected regions.

Thonwaldson, a Swedish sculptor, is engaged at Rome upon a colossal statue of Liberty, for the United States of America, to be erected at Washington.

The Rev. Thomas Kidd, of Trinity College, Cambridge, proposes to publish a new edition of the Iliad and Odyssey; of which, in the Iliad, the Townleian Codex, aided by the Marcian MSS. and a faithful collation of the Harlein copies, will form the ground-work. It is intended, at present, to insert the Digamma in the text, on the authority of the great Bentley, whose unpublished papers upon the Iliad and Odyssey will, through the kind permission of Trinity College, Cambridge, contribute to enhance the value of this edition. The body of variations from the Vienna, Breslaw, and Moschow MSS. as published by Professors Alter & Heyne, as well as those gleaned by a re-examination of the MSS. consulted by Barnes, will be classed according to their respective merits under the text, and incorporated with an accurate collation of the first, second Aldine, first Stratzburgh, and Roman editions; the peculiarities also of the venerable document dispersed through H. Steph. Thesaurus Ling. Gr. will be specified in their proper places. The text of the Iliad, with the variations, will be given in two volumes, octavo. A supplement to the Villoisonian Scholia, from the Townleian and Harlein translations, with short notes, shall form the third volume; and a fourth volume will contain the text to the Odyssey, with various lections, to be introduced by fac-similes of the characters and descriptions of the respective MSS. engaged in the service of the text; to which will succeed a small volume of Scholia, chiefly from MSS. with short notes, a dissertation upon the genuineness of Od. Ω, a collation of the pp.of Ed.Rom. and Bas. of Eustathius, with the omissions of the latter: and application of the Digamma to the remains of Hesiod.

The Works of Sallust, translated by the late Arthur Murphy, Esq. are about to be re-published.

SWEDEN.

Some years ago, several Swedish naturalists formed a society for the purpose of giving a complete account of the Botany of their native country. Forty-six numbers of this work have already appeared, each containing a coloured engraving, of four or five plants, with their names in the principal languages of Europe, and a short and luminous description, in Swedish. The editors of this work have begun another work on the same plan, relative to the Zoology of Sweden, of which the first number has already appeared. Mr. Wertring has lately published a very curious work on Lichens; in which he gives an exact description of each species, and indicates its use in medicine and domestick œconomy, and particularly the mode of extracting colours from them, for the purpose of dying silk and wool. The plates accompanying this work, which does honour to Sweden, represents, 1st. The mosses of the class of Lichens, engraved and coloured, after nature; and 2d. the various colour which they communicate to cloth in the process of dying.

GERMANY.

The system of Gall is now ridiculed throughout Germany, and he was unable to procure an auditory at any of the places where he lately attempted to deliver lectures.

The memory of Luther never received so many honours as during the last year. Besides the grand drama, of which he is the hero, and which has been acted with prodigious success on the royal theatre at Berlin, M. Klingemann brought upon the stage of Magdeburg, a tragedy entitled 'Martin Luther.'

ERRATA.—In a few impressions of the Observations on the Picture of Boston, the following errours escaped. Page 292, col. 2, line 2 from bottom for *collection*, read *collective*. Page 293, col. 2, l. 16 from bot. for *among* r. *many*. Page 294, l. 21, for *has* r. *have*. Col. 2, 9 lines from bottom for *those* read *these*.